Vol. CXIV.—No. 1489] JUNE 29, 1932 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

Gossip : Golf : Films : Fashions : Sport : Society

The Bystander

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From a Hotel window

A view from the windows of the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh

No man with eyes in his head if he knew about it would go to see a town in any other land till he had seen Edinburgh. Men and women make long journeys abroad to see foreign capitals and not a single one of them can match Scotland's capital. Edinburgh has to be seen to be believed. Even the people who live in it stand a little in awe of its grandeur. It is as if Michael Angelo had carved it and then built Princes Street for men to see what manner of artist he was.

Yet Princes Street is as modern as Regent Street and flows into the mass of the Castle as Regent Street flows into Piccadilly Circus. Edinburgh must be seen. See it this year. See it while your eyes are young. The Flying Scotsman will take you. She flies faster to Edinburgh in these days, faster by twenty-five minutes.

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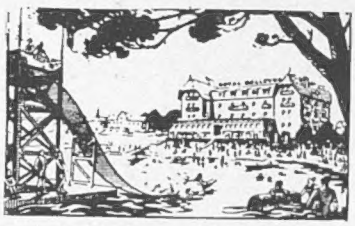

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The BYSTANDER

Yevonde

MISS OLIVE PLUNKET AND LORD MILTON

The engagement was announced recently between Lord Milton and Miss Olive Plunket, the younger daughter of Dr. Benjamin John Plunket, former Bishop of Meath and uncle of the present Lord Plunket. Lord Milton, who came of age last year, is the eldest son of Earl Fitzwilliam. Miss Plunket is also twenty-one

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

IT is scarcely credible that the Prince of Wales is thirty-eight now, but the reference books cannot lie. At the moment, the Prince is looking younger and fitter than he has done for some months. This is partly due to the fact that he is leading the simple life. Several nights a week now he motors to Fort Belvedere, sleeps there, and then motors up to the Palace, reading his newspapers on the way. In the past he used to seek relaxation at a dance club or restaurant after his official banquets. Temporarily, at any rate, he has stopped doing that.

BY this week he has passed successfully through a self-imposed ordeal which he shared with Prince George. They decided to cut down their cigarettes to only a couple before five o'clock in the afternoon, though, being human, there was no limit after that hour. Each agreed to forfeit the other a hundred pounds if he failed in his resolution. At the moment of writing, both have maintained their nicotine asceticism.

THE King and Queen seemed both in very good form, too, at the International Horse Show. The Queen had exchanged the pale green toque of which she is so fond for a pale mauve one. It was a pity, though, that their duties compelled the King to leave just before the jumping for his Gold Cup began, especially as his guard of honour on arrival was composed of officers from Belgium, France, and the Irish Free State who were competing.

HE was present, however, at the display of riding by the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. This demanded the greatest courage from the dismounted troopers dressed as clowns, who wore sandwich-boards and let their mounted comrades jump over them. Two at least received quite severe kicks, one on the shoulder and one on the leg. But they showed no sign of what must have been a painful blow. Later on, Wing-Commander Louis Greig, who was made a knight in the Birthday Honours, a K.B.E. to be exact, was nearly kicked elsewhere, but that was just outside the arena.

THE 7th Hussars did particularly well in the Gold Cup. Not only did Mr. Talbot-Ponsonby win on his aged mare, Chelsea—Mr. Sheppard, of the same regiment, was within the first half-dozen on Kineton. But it was a great pity that old Sea Count felt temperamental and refused at the first jump. For he never made a mistake after that. It was pleasant, too, to see nine Grand National winners, dating back to Ally Sloper, placidly mouching round the arena. And pleasanter still to see and hear the silver-tongued pack of the Duke of Beaufort.

". . . and Ministers of Grace"

A tableau in the French Picture Charity Matinée to be held next week. This group includes Miss Jean Longsdon, Miss Glarette Chamberlain, Miss R. Hesketh, Miss F. Hesketh, and Miss M. Phillips

LORD LONSDALE, top-hatted and cigar-ed, made his usual appearance. There was no room in the Royal Box for the Earl of Athlone. The man with the silver horn blew contemptuous little blasts at the competitors in the Gold Cup as soon as they had made their quota of mistakes, and

Débutante Sisters

Miss Elspeth and Miss Evelyn Grant are the eldest daughters of the late Sir Arthur Grant, of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire and Lady Grant. Their brother, the present Baronet, comes of age this year

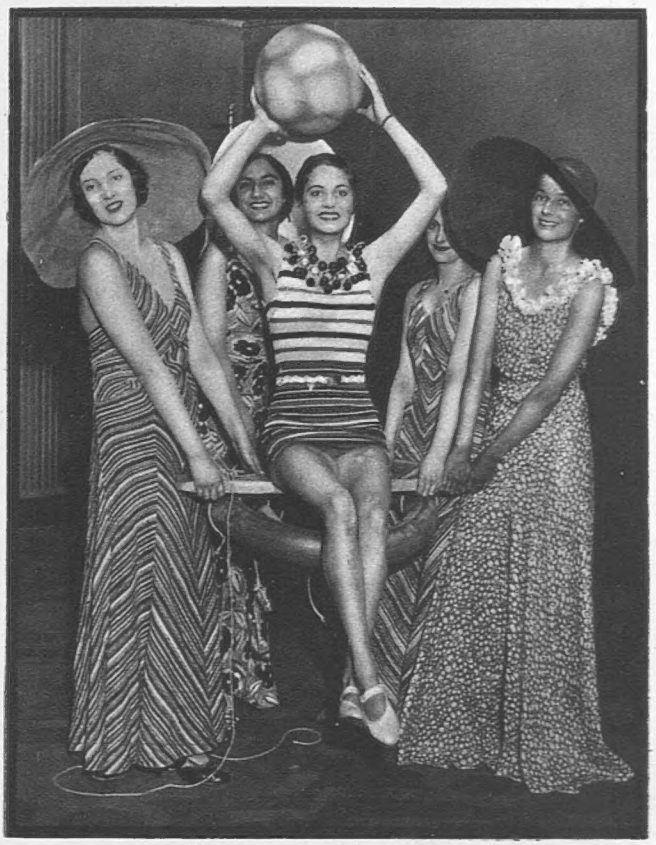
"Mademoiselle Doré"

Elwin Neame

altogether it was crowded, pleasant, but rather unmilitary.

THIS year the 1st Battalion of the Royal Sussex has been chosen to take over from the Guards when they leave for their fortnight's restricted training — you cannot really call it manœuvres any more—on Aug. 6. I also hear that Field-Marshal Lord Methuen has thrown a bombshell into the ranks of the Scots Guards by suggesting that he should inspect them on Aug. 12. This, if it takes place, would be entirely unprecedented; but one can expect that the Field-Marshal will, after all, agree to do it a few days earlier, and thus not interfere with plans for Scotland.

TWO big dances were given last week, one for Miss Portman, and the other for Miss Nico Rothschild, the latter rather overshadowing the former. Portman House, if that is the right name for 22, Portman Square, is nothing like as large as it looks, and was very crowded. Never have there been so many bulbs and electric lights either inside or outside a house. Still, it was a very good dance, and Ambrose himself appeared after 1 a.m.



Below: Lady Delamere, Lady Markham, and Miss Jeanne Stourton at the cocktail party last week in connection with the "Come and Be Filmed" Dance

Golden Holiday-makers

Miss Avrilda Bridges, Miss Sylvia de Regis Oliveira, Miss Penelope Packe, Miss Ursula Packe, and Miss Elizabeth Jeans, who took part in the bathing and sun-bathing scene at the "Golden Holiday" Ball last week

Above: Mrs. Gervaise Tennyson d'Eyncourt, at Roehampton, watching tennis at the annual Overseas reception by Roehampton and the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain

Left: Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, as she will appear in the French Picture Matinée, when she will represent Drouias' picture, "Mademoiselle Doré"

"Come and Be Filmed"

MOST of the most-written-up débutantes were present, but what has happened to Miss Averil Streatfield? You never see her anywhere nowadays. Lady Pamela Smith is also the reverse of ubiquitous, but that is possibly due to the handicap of having to do her Season from Banbury. Two of the most attractive girls at the Portman dance were Lady Elizabeth Hare and Miss Isabel McCreery. The former is charmingly unaffected, and that is the type which makes the best match.

THERE was a dinner party of between forty and fifty people before the Rothschilds' dance. They sat at three tables, the centre being for the elders, who included Winston Churchill and Mr. Jimmy Rothschild, and was presided over by Lady Rothschild.

Miss Pamela Bird and Mr. J. Ayshford Sanford at the White City Club, where it is possible to combine a very good dinner with an excellent view of the races

Colonel Moore-Brabazon, who is a director of the Greyhound Racing Association, with Lady Jackson and Mrs. E. Foster, telling them all about it

At their dinner-table, which, as the down on the Stadium: Lady Barnes, Major Beckworth,

Going to the Dogs in Style: Members and

The Toc H Ball

Above: Mrs. Gordon-Moore (right), a vice-chairman of the Toc H Ball Committee, gave a fork lunch last week; with her here are Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, also a vice-chairman, whom we regret we described as Lady Dalrymple in our issue of June 15, when publishing her portrait, Lady Graham-Little, Miss Helen Graham-Little, and Miss Barbara Gibson

Lord Rothschild was unable to be there, owing to a bad attack of gout, while Miss Liberty Rothschild was away in a nursing home with, or, rather, without, her tonsils.

THE dinner was served on solid silver plate, and among the superb wines was a glorious Chateau Yquem served as a dessert wine—far too good for the average débutante. One of the junior tables was presided over by Mr. Victor Rothschild, who was heard to say in a lull of the conversation that he was in the lucky position of sitting with beauty on one side and intelligence on the other. I will not mention the name of either of the girls. At the same table was Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, who was rather quiet, and Miss Nico Rothschild, who was dressed in white, and was in the good spirits suitable for a girl who must be realising that the dance being given for her was the best and most lavish of 1932.

Below: Some of the Young Committee of the Toc H Ball at a meeting and cocktail party at Seaford House—Lady Elizabeth Hare, Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore, Lady Joan Talbot, Miss Bridget Herbert, Miss Elizabeth Coates, the Hon. Bronwen Scott-Ellis (chairman), Miss Gonda van Raalte, and Miss Olivette Bailey

Swaebe

A Young Committee

Photos by Swaebe

Guests at the White City Club

photograph shows, looks directly Barnes, Major-General Sir Reginald Captain F. A. Gill

Another dinner party: Mrs. Ayshford Sanford, Mr. Hugh Smyth, Miss Olivette Bailey, who came out this year, and Mr. Ayshford Sanford

Lafayette

Above: A group taken after the wedding of Miss Pamela Montgomery-Cuninghame, only daughter of Colonel Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame and Lady Symonds, and Mr. Thomas Abdy Combe. They were married last week at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Above: Miss Daphne Wedekind, who was one of the competitors in the Ladies' Mounted Sports at Ranelagh

Another enthusiastic Ranelagh competitor: Miss Irene Mann-Thompson, who comes from Melton, and took part in every event. She is a younger sister of Mrs. Monty Rayson and Mrs. Jean Heneage

OUTSIDE, in Hyde Park, the queue of parked cars stretched all the way up to the Dorchester, while, in addition to the supper-room, there was a buffet in a marquee built out into the garden where Princess Elizabeth used to be photographed at play so often. Dozens of police were on guard outside to see that nothing was stolen from the motor-cars. All the usual débutantes and post-débutantes were there and enchanted to see Jack Harris arrive shortly after 1 a.m.

A VERY different party, though one may be sure that it will be a good one, is to be given to-morrow (Thursday) by Mrs. Woolley Hart. Everyone is to dress up as a coster, and several parties of real costers are to be present. Quite where everyone will get their pearlies I do not know. But there are to be darts, a winkle bar, ticklers, fortune-telling, and "Find the lady."

THE last two Courts have come and gone, not without disappointment to the spectators who gathered in the Mall on Thursday, and the débutantes thereat are now able to wear their Court gowns at last for private dances. Beatrice Lillie is back, and so is Miss Doris Duke, the heiress of so many millions, who left London last year completely unaffected by the charm and good looks of our young men. Beatrice Lillie is likely to have set a new fashion with her appearance at the Ritz in a pair of white Irish crocheted lace gloves. Lady Charles Cavendish, as we must call Adele Astaire, was only one of the dozens who asked where they could be bought.

I GATHER that Commemoration Week at Oxford was almost non-existent this year, and the

Left: Mrs. Richard Herbert, Mrs. Dudley Joel, the Hon. Mrs. Hilleary, and Mr. Hilleary at the Cricket Ball

baulked undergraduates are having a 'Varsity ball to make up for it on the night of the 'Varsity match, at the Dorchester. They seem to be greatly excited at the thought that Annie Ahlers is going to be there, not to mention Marianne Winkelstern, the prima ballerina in *Casanova*. The cabaret has been arranged by Sir Gerald du Maurier, whose illness has been very greatly exaggerated.

Left: Sir Noel and Lady Curtis-Bennett supping at the Cricket Ball

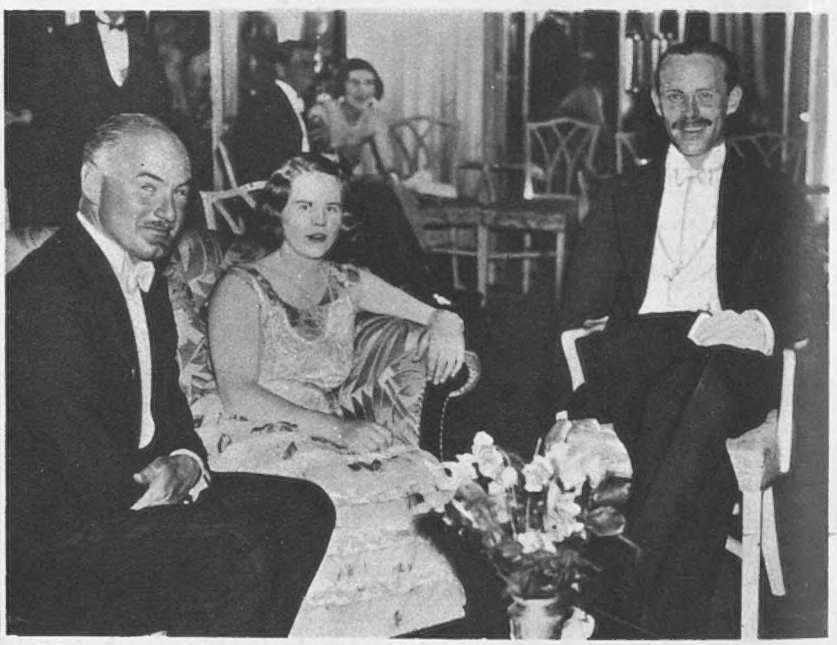
LADY DU MAURIER was telling the guests about him at Vi Loraine's cocktail party, which she gave before the first night of *Fanfare*. The other guests on this occasion included A. E. W. Mason, who wrote *The Four Feathers*. You seldom see him at parties of this nature. On the first night of *Fanfare* the audience gave Vi Loraine a tremendous welcome on her return to the West End stage. Some "come-backs" have been known to be a mistake,

Left, below: Mr. "Plum" Warner and Mrs. Sheila Tolhurst, the racing motorist, were also present

No. 1. *What* did *Prince*

but there was no mistake regarding the genuineness of her welcome

OTHER events of the week included the reception given by Mrs. David Bruce, the American Ambassador's



Greyhounds, Golf and Cricket

At the Cricket Ball held at the Dorchester in aid of the Playing Fields Association last week, many people famous in the world of sport were present. Above are seen Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, golfer and greyhound racing "Big Chief," Miss Elizabeth Crawley, and Mr. L. G. Crawley, cricketer and golfer too

This Week's Problem Pictures!

George say to Mr. Noël Coward?

Sasha

No. 2. Has *Lady Cunard joined the Merchant Service?*

There is no answer that we know of to the Prince George-Noel Coward query, the photograph for which was taken at the Midnight Matinée at the Tivoli last week, but it may be explained that Lady Cunard's headgear is an optical illusion, the hat belonging to a commissionaire, and bears but little relation to a life on the permanent wave

Captains Courageous

Mr. W. W. Wakefield, the Rugger international, and Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, the cricketer, who have both captained England in times past, at the Cricket Ball

daughter, on Thursday—(she will give another to-morrow); a film party in which the Carisbrookes, Milford Havens, and Blandfords went to see Ina Claire in *The Greeks Had a Word for Them* at the Plaza; two parties given by Mr. Selfridge, at which a million pounds' worth of diamonds were on view; and a party given by Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith.

THERE is one tragedy which I must record, and that is the death of Diana Fitzherbert's chow—the most remarkable dog in London. Every taxi-cab driver in the West End knew him. He used, like Kipling's cat, to go for walks by himself and then, when he felt tired, mount the running-board of the leading cab on the nearest rank and get driven home. This was always done, and there was the usual six-penny tip for the driver on his return. Now he is dead.

Entertaining the Children

Lady Worthington-Evans (left) and Mrs. Eric Burt starting off one of the kiddies for a trip on a miniature railway at a Children's Garden Party, given in aid of H.R.H. the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic of the Royal Free Hospital, held at Chelsea

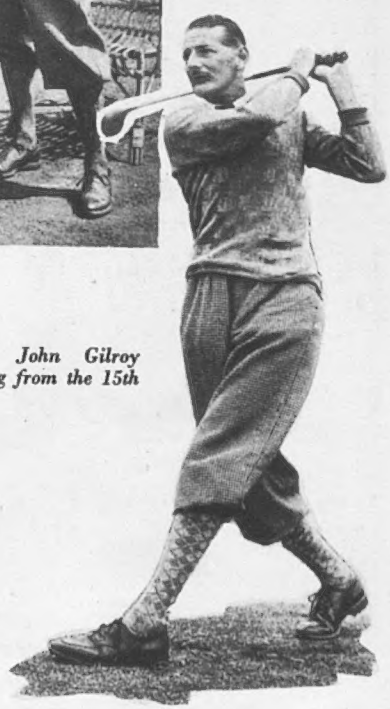
The Bath Club at Sandwich

Below: H. F. Bagnall, the well-known cricketer, snapped while taking a snap of C. Shankland, Gawyn Wolfe-Barry, and J. M. McGuffie on the Prince's links, where the Bath Club Handicap was held

W. H. Mitchell, Capt. J. C. Craigie and Mrs. Craigie going to the 15th

Above: Rear-Admiral V. B. Brooke and the Earl of Westmorland going to the 15th

Left: Miss Barratt, Lady Prestige, and Dr. D. MacManus watching a drive



Capt. John Gilroy driving from the 15th

Left: Four of the competitors at ease. Capt. A. E. Colebrook, G. M. Christian, W. H. Wakefield, A. Montgomery, and R. Mortimer

Hors d'Oeuvres *By "Caviare"*

I THINK sun-streaked hair is most becoming. Mrs. John Barran, one of the Ruthven twins, has done hers most effectively, and lovely Dorothy Hyson has a golden front to her almost chestnut-coloured head. The real golden-haired beauties are a little acid, methinks, as to so much imitative flattery—Mrs. Claude Leigh, for instance, and Lady Howe. Mrs. Reginald Sheffield has lovely corn-coloured hair, and has had since a child.

ARE we going back to the fashion of beauty patches? The new eye-veils all have them. They are very becoming. Lady Weymouth often wears a tiny black patch on her chin, which is most effective, and I seldom see Mrs. Jack Mitchell without one. Mrs. Pinckard wears one when she affects a wreath of rosebuds in her hair, and Lady Alexander has a large one beside her eye.

I WENT to a party the other night with some of London's brightest and most written-up bachelors. Sir Robert Throckmorton was singularly silent. Mr. Randolph Churchill was not. Mr. Eddie Ward had apparently left his manners, or his memory of them, at home. Sir Hugh Smiley was bored. Mr. Hamish Erskine spoke only to the Duchess. Sir Antony Weldon was charming to everyone, had good manners for his hostess and the débutantes, and, thanks to him, a few people enjoyed themselves.

I HAVE at last seen someone look really nice in a boater! Miss Mala Brand was in Bond Street the other day looking very handsome in a black and white boater. The head-cooler hats are too silly for words. I saw an old woman with a large black velvet hat, and grey hair straggling through half the crown, mixed with imitation pink hollyhocks!

I THINK coloured pearls are disappointing; even Lady Furness's famous black strings would look more wonderful if they were white. Mrs. Bossom has a short row of all colours, which are, somehow, not very attractive. What can equal Lady Curzon of Kedleston's marvellous ropes?

HOW they fight! the lovely brunette with the glasses and her young husband with the money.

WELL, well! everything changes. Miss Margaret Whigham has given up her spectacular clothes; a certain baronet has given up his new girl friend; Violet Loraine has given up her domestic retirement; Mrs. Richard Norton has given up her curls; Mrs. Armstrong-Jones her windswept shingle. The only thing not given up are the presents of the aforesaid baronet—who said it in diamonds.

HOW attractive Lady Wodehouse is. I think she has a sympathetic look unusual for a great beauty. Lack of sympathy is the reason why most great beauties are not always greatly loved. The new beauties are not sympathetic, with the exception of Lady Anne Wellesley. She will be admired when many of the others have faded.

EVERYONE is wondering how a certain Comtesse can pretend to be so county when she lives in a glass house—or is it a glass flat?—in London.

IF a certain lady gave up her Press agent and was a little more polite to the Press she would get better results. Titles don't impress Fleet Street much—especially second-hand ones.

THE most unsophisticated débutante of the season is Valerie Domville, the red-headed daughter of Lady Domville; she is very natural and sweet. I think her opposite number is Miss Isobel McLean. The most lovely débutante prize is divided between blonde Penelope and brunette Pamela—I 'm not going to write their names again; and the most attractive is Dorothy Hyson. I could give you the name of the stupidest deb.—but I won't.

I LOOKED around and saw a few things I would like—the Duchess of Westminster's large tiara; Lady Ashley's ruby and diamond bracelet; Mrs. John Russell's monkey-fur cape; Mrs. Arthur Sainsbury's diamond necklace; Lady Plunket's white stiffened chiffon dress with tiny shoulder frills; and Mrs. Peter Horlick's complexion.

THE new bracelets, two or three dozen on each arm, are somewhat barbaric, but amusing. Miss Una MacLaren, whom I saw rushing Bond Street-wards, had a mass of coloured bracelets jangling; but Miss Pamela Nichols has them in silver, which are more original. If I must wear bracelets, I personally like them to resemble Mrs. Julie Thompson's—inches and inches of diamonds.

FULL marks this week to Mr. Jack Harris for causing so much speculation and excitement. Hear them buzz, "Tha 's jackharrisss, tha' is."

Bassano

Hay Wrightson

Two Recent Brides

Mrs. Ian Tubbs, with Sambo. Mrs. Tubbs was Miss Sophie Denys-Burton, and married Captain Ian McClymont Tubbs in April. She and her husband returned from their Riviera honeymoon with a most unfair start in the summer sun-burning stakes

A new portrait of Lady Hindlip, who, before her marriage to Lord Hindlip, early this year, was Miss Bridget Nickols, daughter of the late Harold Nickols. Lord Hindlip succeeded to the title last autumn. He and Lady Hindlip live in Hill Street, Mayfair

Regulars Both

Who take their racing very seriously, and without both of whom no meeting is complete: Lord Carnarvon and Mrs. Kellett

Racing in Ireland

Lady Nelson (nearest camera), wife of Sir James Nelson, the well-known owner, with Miss Enid Riddle, at the Leopardstown Races, near Dublin

An Ascot Aftermath

By "Regular"

AFTER Ascot comes an anti-climax. Windsor may have been wonderful, Folkestone fun, and Brighton, as usual, breezy, but most of us, I think, felt we had had enough.

FOUR days at Ascot, and a party (and what a party!) every night, left me a complete wreck. I intended going to dissipate some of my Ascot winnings at Windsor, but, in the glorious sunshine, I decided that a fair companion in a bathing-suit in an electric canoe would prove a very efficient substitute for Messrs. Slowburn, Ladbroke, Donoghue, and Richards.

BEFORE embarking, I rang up Old Burlington Street and had a tenner on Nothing Daunted. As our slender craft rounded that portion of the river known to all Etonians as "Sandbanks," I enquired of a stout policeman guarding the racecourse motor park as to what had won the first race. "Nothing Daunted, 6 to 4 on," came the reply.

THE price was poor, but it just about paid for the canoe—only just, as Thames boat proprietors believe in making hay while the sin shines—and who can blame them? Their opportunities are fairly limited.

AT the good news, we raised a faint cheer, and for a second I took my eyes off the river, thereby nearly upsetting four small boys in "scug" caps who were rowing like mad, having, no doubt, told their tutor they were bound for Queen's Eyot, while, in reality, they were determined to get a good position to watch the last race, about which, from the expression on their faces, they had had a large bet.

AFTER Windsor, we turned our boat to Poulsens, where everybody who is anybody seemed to have gathered for dinner. The first people I saw drinking a cocktail on the lawn were Lady Northesk and Mr. Warwick Bryant. Lady Northesk told me that that jovial husband of hers had made a bet he wouldn't have a drink for a year, and that he looked like winning it, that he had gone to Paris to help drive a motor-car very fast at Le Mans, and that I was infernally lucky to have missed Windsor, as all backers had done their boots in.

POULSENS was a packet of fun. The professional racing element was represented by that most dapper little trainer Walter Earl, who used to be private trainer to the late Mr. Solly Joel, but is now doing very well on his own.

THE Blandfords came in with that rather austere, stand-offish way of theirs which makes me want to offer them my bottle of champagne, in order to induce them to unbend a little. Fortunately, I have always been restrained.

THE Kellets, who had, of course, been to Windsor, were there, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford, one of the most newly-elected, but nevertheless quite one of the most efficient, members of that august body known as the Jockey Club.

WITH him were Mr. Andrew Scott, who never misses a meeting, and Lady Doria, one of our most decorative "Regulars," and Sir Hugh Seeley, who infinitely prefers a tilt at the croupiers at Le Touquet to a tilt at Tommy Graves over the rails of the Royal Enclosure.

WHICH reminds me—I trust there is no truth in the rumour that a lovely lady was seen making a bet from the Royal Enclosure. I can think of only one worse crime a woman of breeding could commit, and that is if she were seen smoking in this Holy of Holies. Shocked to the core, I shall dismiss this unpleasant subject with the fervent hope that if this lady was guilty of such a crime, she committed it in ignorance.

TO return to brighter topics. Ascot ended in a blaze of glory. Marvellous weather the whole week, and a Royal victory on the concluding day. The victory of Limelight was followed by one of the most remarkable outbursts of patriotism it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

STAID old gentlemen, dignified Dowagers, dissipated Deb's Delights, and languid lovelies made one rush to the unsaddling enclosure, and cheered themselves hoarse; and when the King and Queen came down to give Limelight a friendly pat, they let themselves go all over again.

The Marquess of Crewe, as seen on the course by Mel. Lord Crewe is a well-known figure in the racing world, a member of the Jockey Club, and was at one time an owner on the French Turf

The "Young Marrieds"

No. 5

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Horlick

Mrs. Peter Horlick was Miss Rosemary Nicholl, daughter of Colonel Charles Nicholl, of Wargrave-on-Thames, and was married last year to Mr. Peter Horlick, Sir Ernest Horlick's only son. Mr. and Mrs. Horlick have a charming maisonette in William Street, Knightsbridge

Photos Lenare

The New Plays

New Wines from Old Bottles

Guttenberg

Walter Janssen and Adele Dixon, who take two of the principal parts in "Hocus Pocus," the comedy about art dealers, at the Garrick Theatre

"Out of the Bottle"

You can have it either way—a spot of music with your farce or a little magic with your music. The hundred-per-cent. musical-comedy fan will perhaps vote for the conjuring tricks *à la* Maskelyne and the Chorus as usual. The wizardry that pops *Out of the Bottle* at the Hippodrome is plainly the handiwork of Julian the Wylie, a sorcerer of no mean repute. Anstey's admirable genie appears from nowhere, disappears in puffs of smoke, and performs his illusions in the most professional manner. Having no entrée to the Magician's Circle, I should be obliged if some amateur Merlin would inform me how Cecil Humphreys, in flowing Oriental robes and a trifle green about the gills, and Clifford Mollison, kicking his legs but otherwise outwardly calm, swing out over the stalls in mid-air without visible means of support.

These Maskelyne bewilderments are offset by the usual feminine forthcomings. The leading lady, Frances Day, is a platinum blonde, a cabaret soubrette, an electric dancer and the livest of live wires. A sort of mixture of Anny Ahlers and Ada May, guaranteed to make the tired business-man sit up and take notice. In fact, that weary one can be sure of getting the prescribed dose down to the last ingredient and going home completely dazed, dazzled, and diverted. The ladies of the chorus bound and abound; the gentlemen are not only bronzed and breezy, but they can dance. There are plug numbers and hug numbers, all most efficiently crooned or bassooned by Debroy Somers and his band. The scenery is diverse without being distinctive, and the dresses are less chic than bizarre. Speciality dancers are introduced at the right moment, and the two comedians, Arthur Riscoe, of the brass voice, and Clifford Mollison, neatest of light-weights, are seldom off the stage. Only in bed are they divided, but then a topical duet intervenes, followed by the magical appearance beneath the bedclothes of their respective lady-loves. Having turned the studio of these impoverished painters into the Arabian Nights, the genie transforms Hampstead Heath into a Pyjama Ballet, and the Professor (Sebastian Smith) into a real mule or a Morris Oxford, I forget which, and is finally re-bottled in a cocktail bar.

"Tell Her the Truth"

I never knew *Nothing but the Truth*, book or play, but I suspect it has fared no better than the Anstey original at the untender mercies of the musical-comedy story-killers. The point of betting a young man £1000 that he could not speak the absolute truth for twenty-four hours would be to entangle him in situations demanding a defensive lie as the only means of escape. In this repeat-order of *For the Love of Mike*, the best that can be done by Alfred Drayton, Peter Haddon, and Jack Lambert is to ask Bobby Howes questions like "Have you ever deliberately swindled anybody?" To this the ultimate answer is "Yes, but it wasn't that kind of rabbit," a reference to a school-boy transaction in which Sex was the essence of the contract. Whereas the awkward matter of where the truth-teller got ten £100 notes for the wager was never pursued.

Alice Delysia, "in her habit as she lives," out for a stroll in the intervals of playing in "The Cat and the Fiddle" at the Palace Theatre

Walter Bird

Jane Adrienne, the leading lady in "Tell Her the Truth," a farce with music, at the Saville Theatre, in which Bobby Howes emulates George Washington

However, this is not the type of entertainment for great expectations or minute dissections. In cricket parlance, the bowler's aim was to toss up a series of slow half-volleys and wait for the umpire to signal four. Batting on a plum wicket, Howes, B., found no difficulty in registering a boundary off all these deliveries, and when stumps were drawn was not out with a lively innings to his credit.

Where wit and farcical invention languished in its higher forms both back-chat and high spirits filled the breach. A touring sister-act, in the shapely forms of Polly Luce, as a sugar-daddy-me blonde (platinum), and Helen Gray (brunette, with dance and cart-wheels), was early on the scene, and at once the firm of Howes, Drayton, Haddon and Co., purveyors of sea-side estate, suspended work for the day. The filing cabinet turned into a cocktail bar, and the depressing sound of the neighbouring cliffs falling into the sea—Mr. Drayton was unscrupulously selling these desirable plots before and as they fell—was drowned in the revelry of the first song and dance.

Thenceforth all goes merrily. The tunes are tuney, the jokes are easy, and Master Cherubin Howes is in his most cherubic and resilient mood. In "Sing, Brothers, Sing," Wylie Watson leads a riot of mock-revivalism through countless encores. Later, a burlesque operatic oratorio gives this excellent comedian another chance to show his powers of quiet parody—child's play, my dear Watson—while Master Howes rags exuberantly and Mr. Lambert sings cheerfully out of tune. This feat is excelled (intentionally) by Winifred Izard, as the vicar's daughter, in an excruciating ballad at the piano. Another Watson—Henrietta—scores airily as the deceived wife, Jane Adrienne is a delectable dancing-heroine, Peter Haddon enjoys himself, and Alfred Drayton gives his usual sly and dry, slick and sure exhibition of crisp comedy. The three Carlyle Cousins, who fill the orchestra pit with harmony, make efficient substitutes for the chorus. Trinculo.

Right : The latest portrait of June (Lady Inverclyde), who has returned to the stage in the new revue, "Fanfare," at the Prince Edward Theatre

June and Bernard Clifton in a scene from "Fanfare"

Photographs *Sasha*

"The Beauty of our English June"

As we every "Sunday Express" it!

Left : Another scene from "Fanfare," showing June and Bernard Clifton in a dance number joyous enough to make readers forget the pathos of the actress's life-story, which has so stirred the readers of a Sunday newspaper

"It's Not Very Refined"

With the greatest care and circumspection, we have picked out from "The Stag at Eve" (T. Werner Laurie; 7s. 6d.), five of the seventy-six pictures "for grown-ups" which go to make up this book. Whether every grown-up will appreciate the American humour of all the other seventy-one jokes contributed by various artists is a question which we leave purchasers of this volume to discover for themselves. Suffice it to say that "The Stag at Eve" is an American best-seller

"Was that the phone, Ernestine?"

"You can't HELP it. It's like HUNGER!"

"Take some—don't be bashful"

"Shucks, it's a statue!"

"Imagine, darling, Mr. Picksley says he knows the Purvises."

If Gossip We Must . . .

Ireland Devalerad—Commem. Week at Oxford—A Cochranised Sabbath—A Gem of a Party

THE Irish farmers will soon defeat Mr. de Valera, who had better keep his breath to cool his porridge. He will certainly not be permitted to waste any of it at Ottawa. However much Mr. de Valera may attempt to appeal to ancient hatreds, and to pose as having resisted British bullying (by making it utterly impossible to negotiate with him), he will find it an uncomfortable fact that if the Treaty is torn up Ireland will have to be treated as a foreign country. As such she will be given no preference of any kind. She will be quite independent.

d'Ora, Paris

An Elephant-asy

A picture of Argentina, well known to our playgoers, performing in a new "Cuba" (Rumba) dance, which she will present for the first time to a London audience on the evenings of Monday, July 4, and Wednesday, July 6 at the Savoy theatre

Walter Bird

A Cheerful Day

Frances Day, who is playing one of the leading parts in "Out of the Bottle," at the London Hippodrome, the spectacular revue founded on Anstey's "Brass Bottle." Her expression would suggest that Miss Day's alias is Smiling Morn

THAT is all very well for the ultra-Republicans, who hate the English and will certainly glory in their independence—for a while. But the economic ruin of Southern Ireland will be complete, for the best market for their butter and eggs will be closed to them. Mr. de Valera and politicians of his brand of opinion might gloat. But the gloating would prove expensive, and hard business, particularly agricultural business, will put a swift close to it.

OF course, Mr. de Valera, an ungenial person and, like most fanatics, without a vestige of humour, wants it both ways. He wants to repudiate the Oath, the Land Annuities, and Heaven knows what else. Yet he expects Great Britain at Ottawa to shower especial benefits on an Ireland which has broken faith with her and closes up all avenues of negotiation with an insulting refusal.

I do not think many Irishmen are foolish enough to share Mr. de Valera's expectations. They will be more likely to plump for good business, political sanity—and Mr. Cosgrave again. And that will mean the end of Mr. de Valera's place in the sun. He has not the gumption to be a real leader, and his courage has a good deal of pig-headed obstinacy in it.

THE Irish negotiations—Mr. J. H. Thomas was actually booed by Irishmen at Euston Station, an incident by no means generally reported—formed a rather stormy background to the glories of Ascot (where, by the way, in spite of the sun and the fun, over 2000 vouchers less were sold this year than last). Far less gay, too, was Commem. Week at Oxford, where, a score of years ago, there were balls every night and even some clashes. This year there has been only one such celebration of any size. Indeed, University entertaining is not the vogue it used to be. More young men go to both universities to work hard rather than to

At Pinckney's Green

Harold Huth and Joan Barry, the well-known actor and actress, who have also made a reputation for themselves on the screen, with Mr. Terry Weldon, brother of Sir Anthony Weldon, Bart.

indulge in social festivities. I fail to see anything unduly depressing in that arrangement.

As for non-terpsichorean joys on the Isis or Cam, the precise amount of pleasure to be derived from giving female relatives cold salmon and hock-cup in a punt under a leaden sky (or even a blue one) is apt to be exaggerated. But then, you see, I am writing this under a leaden sky, and an east wind is blowing which makes one take a jaundiced view of life.

A MISSED OPPORTUNITY

"I wouldn't touch a title with a barge-pole."—
Mr. George Bernard Shaw

NO K.B.E.
Appeals to me
The least degree,
In fact, if one were offered
To me this day
I'd forthwith say,
"Away! Away!
"I scorn the title proffered!"

I'd simply hate
A Marquisate,
An Earldom great
Would anger me so vastly
I'd answer "Pah!
"All titles are
"Anathema
"To me. In fact, they're ghastly!"

But though I sneer
At knight and peer
And say "No fear!"
When title-brokers pester,
I must admit
I'd prove a hit
More than a bit
If I were dubbed Court Jester!

B. W.

I HAVE just been on the river in something more substantial than a punt, with more varied fare, solid and liquid, to be partaken of by those "so dispoged." I have been from the Tower Pier to the more or less open sea and back again between an early lunch and a late dinner aboard S.S. Engadine. To be on board the famous cross-Channel packet, and yet not to be bothering about passports and a seat in the Golden Arrow, and other less romantic episodes associated with that ship, seemed rather strange.

The experience on a fine day—and it was a fine day—was wholly delightful, and the officials, stewards, etc., were courtesy itself. I would suggest, however, the toning down, or even the painless but complete silencing, of the learned gentleman who conceals himself in the wireless cabin and, by means of a microphone, blares forth in tones that sweep the boat from propeller to fo'c'sle, familiar and annoying information about the objects of interest encountered in the voyage down the Thames. Heaven save us from the "educational" element when we take a little hard-earned recreation! I do not want to be startled from a state of semi-coma in a deck-chair by some well-meaning Stentor telling me to "look at Tilbury." Who wants to look at Tilbury, anyway?

BY BERTRAM PRANCE

Golfer (peevishly): "I don't mind you pinching my favourite caddie yesterday, but he's a nervous wreck this morning"

THERE was some pretty plain speaking at the House of Commons by the actors and theatre-managers who pleaded that the theatre, which has always obeyed the law in the matter of Sunday opening, should be at least as justly treated as the cinema, which for years has deliberately flouted it. There was not a single point made by any member of that deputation which had not common sense and common justice in it, as well as a plea for wiping away one of the last tentacles of "Dora." Yet there was opposition.

A Major Procter, for instance, seemed to fear lest there should be a "general Cochranisation of the Sabbath." I have spent a good many Sabbaths with Charlie Cochran and I can assure the Major that they have been neither dull nor wicked. I would much sooner see a Cochranised Sabbath than a Procterised one.

THE gallant Major, on being asked what he meant, accused Cochran of running boxing shows on Sundays (a thing C.B.C. has never done); so he was asked to withdraw, and, not at all gallantly, refused to do so. That is so typical of unco guid people who can see no other point of view but their own. They talk airily of things about which they know nothing; but can never in any circumstances be prevailed upon to admit their mistakes, let alone apologise for them.

I HAVE no animus whatever against the cinema as such, except in so far as it presents to the public more tripe in a week than the theatre does in a year.

Marian Lewis

A Colonial Débutante

Joan, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. H. B. Layard Dowbiggin, of Hong Kong, who was presented at last week's Court

The Return of a Favourite

Below and on the left are two contrasted pictures of Violet Loraine, who, after too long an absence from the stage, is appearing in the revue "Fanfare," which opened at the Prince Edward Theatre last Thursday. A warm welcome was accorded to this actress who, in private life, is Mrs. Edward Joicey

Sasha

Violet Loraine

in one of her character parts in "Fanfare"

Sasha

Right: Rosalind Show as she appears in one of the scenes in "The Dubarry" at His Majesty's Theatre

But why, as Sir Oswald Stoll remarked, cinemas should be granted the right to open on Sundays as a reward for breaking the law, while theatres (which, incidentally, employ British labour) should be ignored, is a mystery. And a still deeper mystery is the appearance of M.P.s to champion the present intolerable position.

Major Procter, by the way, who is the chief of the champions, is Member for Accrington and an inventor of some eminence in the world of coal-mining. On this occasion he succeeded in adding to his list of inventions one that had nothing whatever to do with coal.

TALKING of coal, I saw some rather valuable specimens of it at Mr. Selfridge's latest party. To be precise, a million pounds' worth of diamonds. These were not on the necks, fingers or corsages of female guests, nor in their hair. They were in a long glass chamber, shaped like a tram, and some of them certainly looked uncommonly as if they really were lumps of coal, notably a little tray of Boart diamonds, worth about £3,500 apiece.

There was on view part of the Marie Antoinette diamond necklace of "L'Affaire du Collier" fame, though not very much of it; and I observed, but without purchasing, a hexagonal diamond which belonged to the Shah of Persia, the famous Porter-Rhodes diamond, the Nassak diamond, and an emerald-cut diamond priced at £85,000—very reasonable.

THE party, except for the actual inspection of the diamonds, which took place in a room swathed in black and was sufficient to make every woman spectator sick with longing, was a cheery one and lasted from 7.30 to 11.

If not so vast as the Selfridge election-night parties, all sorts of well-knowns attended, sat about eating "hot dogs" and drinking champagne, watched a cabaret show, and tried to do "Yo-Yo."

When last I was in America I thought that the most distressing sight of all was the spectacle of grey-headed men eating ice-cream. That was beaten by the grey-headed men—fathers, grandfathers, heads of mighty businesses, politicians, great lawyers, great artists—trying in grim seriousness to make a little bit of wood run up a little bit of string.

WHAT form of discrimination, if any, is used over the admission of witnesses to cases in which they have to give evidence? A friend of mine was a witness in quite a trivial motor-car case but was not allowed in court until he was called; and yet, in a murder charge, an important witness sat in court during the hearing and listened to what preceding witnesses had to say! Is a murder case less important than a motor case?

A LAUGH, for which no entertainment tax is charged, is provided by the District Railway every week-day at South Kensington Station during the morning rush hour. Let me advise you to take your stand, should you desire amusement, at the top of the stairs and watch staid City gentlemen walk down the stairs to catch one of the District trains. They stand on the platform and at another platform an Inner Circle train arrives. The staid City gentlemen rush up the stairs they have descended, scuttle along the passage-way, hurl themselves down another staircase and, panting for breath, seat themselves in the Inner Circle train.

That, in itself, is full of quiet fun, but the District Railway has a still more amusing card to play, for this Inner Circle train has been known to wait at South Kensington for three or four minutes, while two or three District trains leave the platform from which the staid City men have lately fled and proceed eastward first! And if the District Railway directors would like to learn some nice new swear words I commend to them the remarks made by the angry passengers who are so constantly being joked with in this most amusing manner!

The Garden Upstairs!

London Roofs Provide a Sylvan Resting-Place in the Warm Weather

Above: Lady Dorothy MacMillan (right), Chairman of the "Come and Be Filmed" Ball, which takes place at the Carlton Hotel on July 11, with her hostess, Mrs. John Darwin, who has turned the leads behind her house in Gloucester Place into a loggia

Miss Jean Scott, one of Lord George Scott's twin daughters, on the roof of her sister's, Lady Delamere's, house, where she and her twin are spending the rest of the season

Circle, right: Miss Diana Puckle photographed in another part of Lady Delamere's roof-garden which is in Queen's Gate Terrace

Right: Lady Elizabeth Hare (in the deck-chair) and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe discussing plans for the "Come and Be Filmed" Ball, showing another aspect of Mrs. John Darwin's roof-garden

One of the Fair in "Fanfare"

Marcelle Rogez in Revue

"Fanfare," which is described as a "Revuesical Magazine," has for its motif the idea of bringing to life on the stage the contents of an illustrated newspaper. Included in the cast is Marcelle Rogez, the French actress, who is here pictured in three different frocks. She is supposed to represent the Fashion Editress of the paper

BY SOGATA

NARCISSA—UP TO DATE

Howard Marshall on CRICKET

North v. South — The 'Varsity Match

Frank Woolley going out to open the innings for the South v. North at Old Trafford. He scored fifty in an hour

Left: Sir Thomas Inskip, Attorney-General, the opening batsman for the Bar against the Barristers' Clerks, played at the Oval. Right: H. D. Bidnell, who made 60, not out, for Beaumont School v. Oratory School, at Headquarters

A Stinger!

Patsy Hendren, playing for Middlesex v. Yorkshire, in making fifty—the top score—gets a nasty crack from a rising ball from Bowes

THE rural charm of Manchester, where the Test trial goes its merry way, almost made me forget that next Monday the 'Varsity match begins at Lord's.

Here at Old Trafford it seems rather frivolous to think of 'Varsity cricket. It means that we have to wrench ourselves from the contemplation of a severely practical business to the prospects of a game which still has its lighthearted moments. Speaking of prospects, though, it is a little difficult for me to discuss the 'Varsity match, since, as I write, the teams have not been finally completed.

There are, however, one or two more general points of comparison, and first I would note the fact that Oxford appear to be the better-balanced and more confident side. They are lucky enough to have some mature players, like H. G. Owen-Smith and Alan Melville, and this gives them a considerable advantage.

THE Oxford batting, moreover, is altogether more convincing, for they have what Cambridge sadly lack—a sound and reliable opening pair. R. J. H. Brooke has gone from strength to strength, and the odds are that he will make runs at Lord's. Then E. N. Evans is a useful left-hander, F. G. H. Chalk has consolidated his technique, and is now both safe and attractive to watch, while Melville and Owen-Smith are used to big occasions and capable of rising to them.

The Oxford bowling is not so promising, for there is no one outstanding of faster pace to support the intelligent slow-medium attack of E. A. Barlow and A. R. Legard. Here Cambridge are more fortunate, since with K. Farnes, R. C. Rought-Rought, and possibly A. G. Pelham, they have a choice of fast-medium bowlers, though they sorely need a first-rate spin-bowler to give them variety. Unhappily for Cambridge, their batting is uncertain, for though they have several really good players, there is not one batsman in the team who gives the onlooker complete confidence.

A. G. Hazlerigg, D. M. Parry, D. R. Wilcox, A. W. G. Hadingham, A. Ratcliffe, and R. C. Rought-Rought are all potential run-getters, but it would hardly be surprising if all of them failed in the important match.

Possibly Ratcliffe will again carry the side on his shoulders, and I am glad he has run into form at the right moment. Still, the fact remains that the Cambridge batting so far has proved unreliable, and unless there is an improvement when they go on tour, Oxford are distinctly the more likely team. I shall, indeed, hope to celebrate an Oxford victory in the appropriate manner, though in this match of all others the factors of temperament and morale bring about the most unexpected results.

AND now I must be forgiven if I relapse into the questioning mood which is prevalent all round me at Old Trafford. One of these days, I think, the problem of England's opening batsmen will lead to bloodshed among normally good-humoured critics, particularly when Frank Woolley's name is mentioned.

For the moment—note how carefully I cover up my retreat!—I think Woolley should be Sutcliffe's partner in Australia. There are those who tell me that, even if Woolley makes a hundred before lunch and then gets out, he will be useless in a Test Match, as the psychological effect of his aggressive methods will be more than counterbalanced by the Australian elation at having him back in the pavilion. Well, I 'm not so certain about that, and my own opinion is that a hundred by Woolley would go a long way towards demoralising the bowling and making easier the task of succeeding batsmen.

And this is the point—if Woolley is not to partner Sutcliffe, who is? Produce another Hobbs, and Woolley may be forgotten; but where is another Hobbs to be found? D. R. Jardine might fill the bill, and if he would open the innings we should not need Woolley. Jardine, however, is apparently anchored at No. 5, which disposes of him for the time being. Are we, then, to rely upon players like Paynter or Keeton? I hope not, for it is hard to believe that either of them is really sufficiently matured for so responsible a position.

One suggestion has been made here which is not so fantastic as it sounds, and this is that Holmes is the man we want. Holmes may be relatively a veteran, but he is as fit as a fiddle, and we know what a great player he is. I believe he would stand up perfectly well to Australian conditions, and on those cast-iron wickets he and Sutcliffe might even beat their recent record partnership of 555. Holmes, after all, is only 45, and so is no older than Hobbs was when he last went to Australia with the M.C.C. team. Is it, then, absurd to think of Holmes as Hobbs's successor?

ANOTHER conundrum for the Selectors is the choice of a stock-bowler, and here again we are on difficult ground. Voce and Larwood must open the English attack, and I think I. A. R. Peebles will have to be chosen, but then the difficulties come thick and fast. R. W. V. Robins may not be able to make the trip. Tate and J. C. White are supposed to be too old; Verity is temporarily out of favour; Sibbles has fallen short of expectations; Bowes has disappointed, and so it goes on. We might do worse than plump for Tate and White again, though this is playing into the hands of those who clamour for younger men. Let us have the youngsters, by all means, but is there any bowler of the younger school who could close an end up with White's persistence and accuracy? And at one end we must have accuracy and cunning, if we are to experiment with our Voces and our F. R. Browns at the other.

IT is all very bewildering, and the danger is that the Selection Committee will think so much about the details that they will lose sight of the wider issues. Perhaps, as the season progresses, we shall be able to see more clearly, and that is a sufficiently comforting thought with which to end these rambling remarks.

Repose on the Riviera

Gertrude Lawrence seeks rest and recreation on the Côte d'Azur

From Grease Paint to Oils

Free, for the moment, from the hard work of Film and Stage, Gertrude Lawrence is seen above indulging in another form of art by painting a picture of the swimming-pool at her host's, Captain Molyneux's, villa, La Capponcina, at Cap d'Ail. She will soon be starting rehearsals in a new play which is being specially written for her by John Van Druten

Above : a bathing-cum-tennis costume admirably adapted for the hot weather. After the game the shorts are removed and the player is ready for a dip in the Mediterranean or the swimming pool

Left : Visitors from St. Raphael to Villa Capponcina. Included in the group are : Miss G. B. Stern, Miss "Niki" Pointdexter, Miss Helen Downes, and Mr. Kim Peacock

A STAR IN SILHOUETTE

Rochelle Hudson, who is the original of this silhouette photograph, is a discovery of the RKO-Radio Studio, and starred for them in "Are These Our Children?" and "Fanny Foley Herself." Rumour in the film world says that she is one of the most promising of young screen actresses possessing talent besides a most attractive face and figure

" . . . supreme with innate ecstasy "

" Happiness is but a dream and sorrow

The Language of Hands

The Eloquent Gestures of Golden Silence

" Fear hath many eyes"

rrow a reality "

Without making use of the dumb alphabet, the hands of a clever actress can be made to express emotions with almost as great a clarity as the tongue. The pictures reproduced on this page bear eloquent testimony to that assertion. One has only to study these hands instantly to visualise the mood that they intend to convey. What is not so apparent is the owner of them! We take leave to doubt whether many of our readers will realise in these photographs that the sitter is none other than Tilly Losch

Photographs by Vandamm

" Uncertain, coy, and hard to please "

A Week-End Party

At West Wycombe Park

Staying with Sir John and Lady Dashwood at their lovely Buckinghamshire home: Lady Dufferin and Ava (right), and Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Balfour

Above: Another member of Sir John and Lady Dashwood's house-party — Lord Dufferin and Ava, who looks as if he is taking his country week-end very seriously

Left: Mr. Sidney Beer, Miss von Bismarck, who is shortly exhibiting her pictures in London, and Sir John Dashwood. Mr. Beer goes to Austria next month to study music and the high art of being a conductor at Salzburg

"DEBS" to be Danced with in June

Miss Jasmine van de Weyer was presented at the first Court this year, and her mother, Mrs. van de Weyer, gave a dance for her last Friday. Another dance last week was the one given by Mrs. Donald van den Berg for her daughter, Miss Diana van den Berg. She and Miss Isobel McLean were both presented at the third Court on the 23rd. Mrs. McLean has been giving a series of "small and early" parties at her house in Park Street for her daughter

Elliot & Fry

Miss Jasmine van de Weyer

Douglas

Miss Diana van den Berg

Miss Isobel McLean

Miss Sue Snelling is the débutante daughter of Mrs. Norman Snelling; she was presented at the second Court and Mrs. Snelling gave a dance for her last week.

Claude Harris

Miss Sue Snelling

Claude Harris

Miss Betsan Horlick

The dance given by Lady Oppenheimer and Mrs. J. B. Paget at Ibstock Place, Roehampton, for their daughters, Miss Betsan Horlick and Miss Winifred Paget, was one of the events of early June.

An Air Pageant on the South Coast

By Capt. C. E. Ward

New Airport Open for Traffic

To celebrate the opening of its air-gates, the Portsmouth Corporation is holding a flying display on Saturday next, July 2. The ceremony of declaring the Airport open for traffic will be performed by Sir Philip Sassoon, Under Secretary of State for Air, and a comprehensive programme of events follows during the afternoon. Two squadrons of Royal Air Force machines, under the command of Group-Captain Baldwin, will give a display of air drill, aerobatics in formation and the familiar balloon chase. There are to be three races, one for the Grosvenor Challenge Cup, open to machines not exceeding 1500 lbs. empty, one for the S.B.A.C. Challenge Trophy, which is really a competition confined to the light aeroplane clubs and their members, and the third for a Trophy presented by Col. Sir William Dupree, which is open to all types. Competitors are asked to arrive the night before if possible, but owing to the limited hangar accommodation it is advisable to bring picketing gear. Lt.-Col. F. C. Shelmerdine, the Director of Civil Aviation, Lt.-Col. M. O. Darby and Captain Lamplugh are judging, air control will be in the capable hands of "Jimmy" Jeffs, and Squadron-Leader Helmore has been persuaded to give the running commentary.

Smooth as a Billiard Table

Very few aerodromes have a surface which can be likened to the proverbial billiard table, but Portsmouth's shares the distinction with Fairey's testing ground of having the smoothest in England. It is of some interest to know that both of these sites were prepared by James Hunter of Chester, and anybody who saw the one at Portsmouth before he tackled the job of clearing embankments and forts, besides filling up part of a lake, will be amazed at the result. The landing area proper covers 200 acres with a maximum run of 1500 yards and a minimum of nearly half a mile. Approaches from the air, except in the extreme south-west corner by the gas works, are excellent, and the Airport can be reached by road from the centre of the city in ten minutes. There is a service hangar with private lock-ups, workshops and offices, a chalet-restaurant for the public, a clubhouse obtained from converting and extending an old farmhouse, a garage, and a club hangar. Altogether the Airport has cost a little over £100,000, which enterprise should be rewarded by ample revenue from landing and housing fees, rental of factory sites, profits on the public enclosure and from increased trade generally in Portsmouth and Southsea. A seaplane base is contemplated nearby in Langstone Harbour, so Portsmouth will become an important trans-Continental air junction, linking up with Cherbourg for the Atlantic liners, with the Channel Islands, Biarritz, Spain and Portugal, the South of France, and North Africa. Mr. Lionel Balfour and Fl.-Lt. Luxmore, who are operating the Wight Aviation concern, will manage the Airport and run a ferry service to the Isle of Wight during this summer.

Her Highness the Ranee of Sarawak after a trip in the "Flying Carpet," an American machine which is being flown round the world by Dick Halliburton and Moye Stephens. The Ranee is the first woman to fly over Sarawak, a country where seaplanes will prove of the greatest value for local services

Aeronautical Occasions

The Garden Party held at Hanworth Park by the Royal Aeronautical Society was one of those informal functions where the guests could wander amongst the machines or through the delightful club gardens as they wished, and it was attended by some 2000 people interested in flying, besides a big crowd in the public enclosure. The premises at Hanworth are certainly the finest of any flying club in the country. There is a disadvantage, of course, in that flying cannot be watched from the clubhouse itself, but there is ample compensation in the attraction of the lawns and gardens which surround it, and in the building, where several hundreds of people can be entertained in bad weather. The Fairey "Firefly," piloted by Fl.-Lt. C. S. Staniland, was the star performer of the afternoon, the new "Monospar" made a welcome appearance, flown by Captain Schofield, and Imperial Airways carried full loads of joy-riders until "Heracles" had the misfortune to take a bath in the river which runs under the aerodrome. This river was lined with concrete and covered by sleepers and turf some three years ago, before air-liners of such weight had been produced. The machine was little damaged, of course, and passengers felt only a slight jolt, but repairs will occupy a few days, and everyone's sympathies were with Imperial Airways over such bad luck. At Reading, on the day previously, the Phillips and Powis School was at home to a large party, many of whom flew to the aerodrome. Miss Sale Barker won the ladies' race on a Gypsy Moth, with Miss Joy Muntz second on the Comper "Swift." An effective anti-aircraft barrage was put up by Brocks, so much so that several pilots who arrived late hung about for some minutes before landing, thinking that the paper giraffes and the coloured flags descending by parachute were signals of warning.

Competitors in the Annual Race for the President's Cup at Reading, open only to women pilots. From left to right: Miss Sale Barker, who was the winner, with her Moth, Miss Giles, Mrs. Battye, Miss Joy Muntz, who was second on a Comper "Swift," and the Comtesse Looz de Warem, who flew from Brussels for the event

A Week-End Event

The "Graf Zeppelin" is due at Hanworth on July 2 for a twenty-four-hour tour of the British Isles. Tickets can be obtained from the travel agencies or through Colonel the Master of Sempill.

Actual moving photos show the difference PRATTS ETHYL makes

ORDINARY PETROL burns *unevenly*—wastefully. Follow the pictures above from left to right. First the spark. Then the petrol starts to burn. Its flame spreads farther and farther. Notice the yellow colour behind the flame. Engineers call it "carbon yellow." It is caused by glowing particles of free carbon. The sixth picture shows what is left of the petrol exploding *all at once*. This is knock. The last picture is just afterglow. Knock wasted the petrol that should be working now.

PRATTS ETHYL burns *evenly*—completely. Compare the pictures above with those of ordinary petrol. Notice the absence of carbon yellow even in the first three pictures. As combustion progresses, the difference becomes still greater. Observe especially, the next to last picture. Pratts Ethyl does not knock. It is still burning in the last picture. This means that its greatest power is delivered when the piston is going down—the time when power counts most in the performance of your car.

ALTHOUGH there is now no difference in price between Pratts Ethyl and regular petrols, there is a vast difference in performance, as the unique films shown above so definitely prove.

Seeing is believing. These films actually show what takes place in that 1/100th part of a second after the sparking plug fires. They are real photographs taken through a quartz glass. Incontrovertible evidence that would be accepted in a court of law!

Examine them carefully. Note the ordinary petrol wasting its force in a violent burst of heat. See the uneven explosion that causes knocking, overheating and loss of power. Then note how Pratts Ethyl burns smoothly and evenly, delivering its maximum power just at the right moment. No harmful knock with Ethyl.

The anti-knock qualities of Pratts Ethyl Petrol bring many advantages in their train; extra power, cooler running, wonderful climbing, less need to change gear, consequently more miles per gallon and less wear and tear on the car.

There is no secret about Pratts Ethyl. It is simply the finest grade of petrol with the addition of Ethyl, the marvellous anti-knock fluid used in the special Pratts Ethyl petrol with which Sir Malcolm Campbell achieved his 253 m.p.h. on land, and Flight-Lieut. Stainforth his 407 m.p.h. in the air.

On sale everywhere at the SAME PRICE as regular petrols

McC.355

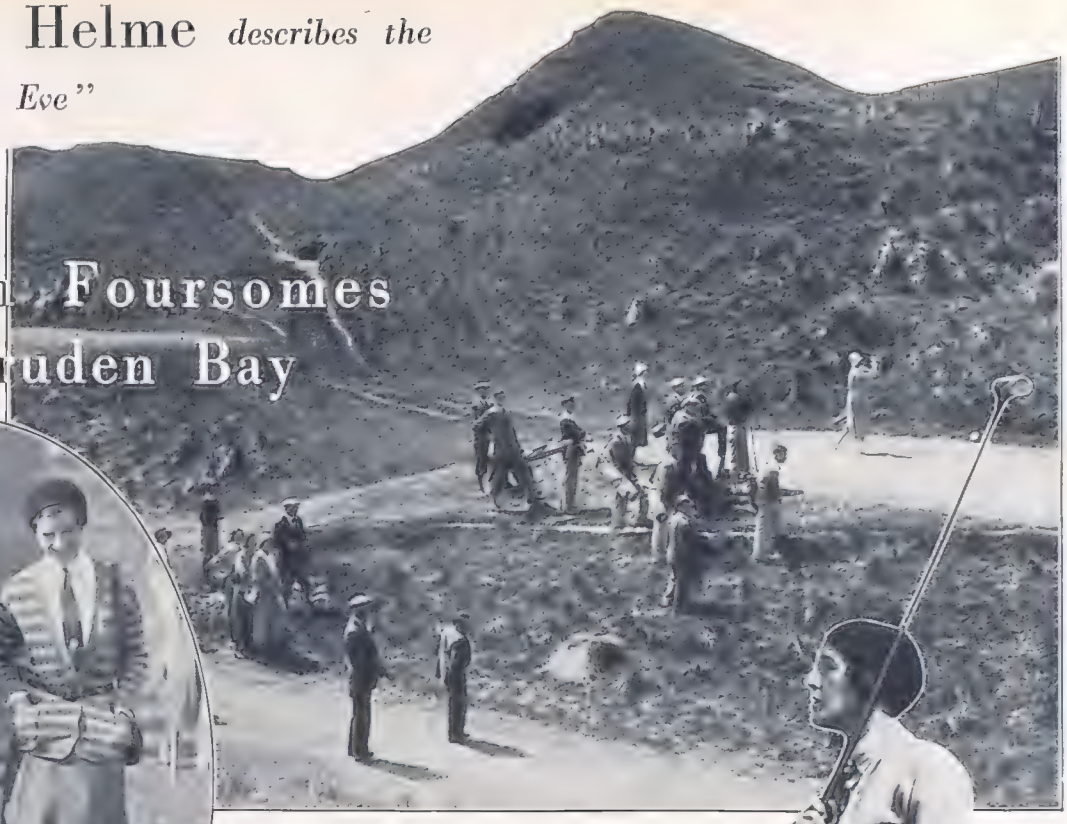
THE ORIGINAL *anti-knock* PETROL

THE "BIRD" THAT SCORES
A "BIRDIE" BUYS THE

"BLACK & WHITE"

Eleanor E. Helme *describes the "Britannia and Eve"*

Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Cruden Bay



Interested spectators watching Miss Montgomery driving

Miss Fraser and Mrs. Spencer, who played against Miss Robertson Durham and Miss Millar, walking from the 1st tee

DEAR BYSTANDER—For once in my life I really seem to have had a little sense. When I wrote to you last week about the Scottish Foursomes here at Cruden Bay, I refused to try to pick the winners, and only dared say that they would be a good pair and a stout-hearted one. So they were, for Lady Alness and Miss Leetham got home, after all sorts of alarms and excursions. There were moments when fervid Scots tried to persuade themselves that these invaders would be routed, but I hae me doots whether the most patriotic really believed their own brave words; and if you want to know the reason, in one word it was Putting. Of course, what happens on the greens is always important, but up here it was doubly so, because the blazing sun and the biting wind had made them extremely fiery on the top, and the devoted watering of the groundsmen had made them grassy in the hollows. Between this devil and deep sea, getting the ball either dead or down became almost as ticklish a job as rolling peas into little holes in some of those awful puzzles that nieces and nephews are apt to thrust into your hand about Christmastime. Miss Leetham is a quite beautiful putter. She really gets down to the job, literally as well as figuratively, and the length of time she gazes at the poor little ball would give hearty palpitations to spectators if they did not feel so entirely sure that the subsequent putt will be sunk. There is simply no question about the matter, and you can do nothing except forgive her for being so slow and admit that the end justifies the means.

WELL, let me say that throughout the meeting the sun shone gloriously, and then get back to the play of the winners. Lady Alness was only just back from a motoring tour in Czecho-Slovakia, where there had been no golf; she started the week shakily in consequence. But the more she shook, the more stalwart was Miss Leetham; and then, when Lady Alness got back into form and began putting the chips consistently near the hole, it merely meant that Miss Leetham had all the more opportunities of getting down in one putt. They really played perfect foursome golf, each knowing what the other could do and always following an extra bad shot with an extra good one. That comes

The Spoils of Victory

Lady Alness and Miss Leetham, the winners, with the "Britannia and Eve" trophies and replicas and also their caddie —a man whom they found of "infinite resource and sagacity"

Miss Crawford driving from the 16th tee

of constantly playing together, and if only our International pairs. . . . Perhaps, though, that is rather a big topic for this week; we 'll get busy over that when I really start writing you regularly in August; meanwhile, to return to Lady Alness and Miss Leetham.

THEIR toughest fight was in the fourth round, when they had to give six strokes, which meant one at the seventeenth and another at the nineteenth, when they proceeded thither in due course. Now Miss F. J. Morison and Mrs. T. W. L. Brown,

Lady Eddis driving from the 1st tee at Cruden Bay

whom they were playing, might call themselves all sorts of disparaging names, but they could putt and they could fight, and even when they had missed a short putt (most unusually) to be dormy, they were still full of determination, so that Lady Alness had to put a grand second on to the nineteenth to halve it, and go all the way up the hill at the twentieth to get home. It was positively sad to see so gallant a couple die there, but at least they had earned the *Eve* brooches which went to all nineteenth-hole, and after, losers this time, just as little mementoes of the last foursomes under the old management.

Lady Alness and Miss Leetham had a little breathing space next morning against Mrs. Lewtas and Miss Singleton, the sister pair who were semi-finalists in the Northern Foursomes this April; but in the semi-final that afternoon matters were simply desperate against Miss Craddock-Hartopp, the Derbyshire champion, and Miss Newell. Lady Alness started off with the first four holes in three under par, and yet only managed to win two of them; Miss Newell has lately passed her Bar final, so no doubt she enjoys practice in letting nothing go without argument. At all events, they clung on till the very last hole, although the winners were round in 78 and were only giving three strokes to the Derbyshire pair, who had a joint handicap of 15. The chips dead and putts holed would fill a page. So they would in the Final, and though Miss Robertson Durham—one of the famous Gullane family—and Miss Sophie Millar might blame themselves there for not taking chances, it must be admitted that the chances were not very many. Miss Leetham and Lady Alness won these Foursomes in 1930; they won the Autumn ones at Ranelagh in 1929, after being runners-up there the year before. There is *no* denying that, playing together, they are a fine couple.

Miss Robertson Durham, also driving off from the 1st tee

FORE!

STARTING with the number of Aug. 3rd, all the golfing activities of the monthly "Britannia and Eve" are to be transferred to the weekly "Bystander." Miss Eleanor E. Helme will write these pages in "The Bystander," and continue to be responsible for every competition at present run by "Britannia and Eve," namely, Northern, One-Day Medal, Scottish, Ranelagh, and Roehampton Foursomes, and the Girls' Championship. The monthly Spoon and Club Competition will also be continued by "The Bystander."

WHAT about the other semi-finalists, Lady Eddis and Mrs. Evers, who lost on the last green to the Gullane pair? After beating the holders, Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Miss Walker, by quite marvellous putting, including a whale of a putt from Lady Eddis on the last green, things did not go right for them in the afternoon, and Miss Millar, in particular, was very deadly. After all, every invading couple could not hope to come through; Lady Alness and Miss Leetham are not only the sole couple to win the Scottish Foursomes twice, but the only English couple to figure in the Final of them with the exception of Miss Peri Cotgrave and Mrs. Hudson last year at Gullane. Even Miss Wethered and Mrs. Hambro were repulsed when they crossed the Border to Turnberry in the first year of the event.

A group of the semi-finalists and finalists. Back row (left to right): Miss Craddock-Hartopp, Miss Newell, Mrs. Evers and Lady Eddis; Front row: Miss Millar, Miss Robertson Durham, and Miss Leetham and Lady Alness (winners)

SCOTTISH golfers know how to deal with invaders. They give them such an utterly delightful welcome and such a good time that the invaders all make up their minds to come again—and then they fall on them and beat them. If Scotland failed to bring off the beating this year, that will only make them all the fiercer next.

UP here they call the sunny variety Eve weather, and we certainly, my dear BYSTANDER, have got a wonderful reputation to keep up in that little matter. It never rains more than once during *Eve* Scottish Foursomes, and THE BYSTANDER, don't forget, has promised to carry on *everything* precisely as before; so next year I expect that, as in this, eye-shades will be fashionable wear, somebody's golfing umbrella will be requisitioned as a sunshade, and somebody else will play with rolled-up sleeves. And if they do, so much the better!

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Dorothy Wilding

LADY MOIRA COMBE has chosen this unusual lace gown from the model gown department of Fortnum and Mason. It is made of pale green silk lace over a matching slip and has a cowl neckline in front and a low décolletage at the back, where the waist-line is accentuated by a large, stiffened-out lace bow. With this dress Lady Moira wears sandals of green satin and silver kid

My London Sketch Book

1. Navy blue tweed coat and skirt, with scarlet epaulettes and collar and cuffs of white piqué. H. J. Nicoll

2. Green suède coat and skirt, fitted jacket with belt in front only, suède béret to match. Leathercraft

3. White antelope coat and skirt, single-breasted coat with wide revers and split epaulettes. Leathercraft

4. Scarlet tweed bolero and skirt, large circular collar of white piqué, and fancy metal clips. H. J. Nicoll

5. Coat-frock of grey kasha with red belt, square metal buttons. New model gown department at Liberty

6. Dress of white washing silk and short jacket of white and royal blue striped silk. From Gooch

7. Hand-blocked design of poppies and cornflowers decorates this georgette dress with white gathered muslin guimpe. Liberty

8. Crêpe-de-Chine patterned with daisy design in tones of beige and yellow makes this afternoon gown with cape sleeves. Gooch

9. Afternoon coat of patterned crêpe-de-Chine, with deep yoke and loops on shoulders instead of sleeves. Richard Sands

10. Brown crêpe-de-Chine afternoon dress and short yellow wool wrap edged with brown fur. From Richard Sands

11. Afternoon ensemble of navy silk flecked with white. The dress has puff sleeves, the coat ties with a bow. From Liberty

12. Striped chiffon dress in tones of yellow, beige, blue and white, with frills around neck and armholes. From Gooch

The Apotheosis of the Sailor Stripe

THE surprise indicated on the face of the sailor is more than justified by the lovely dress worn by Lady Bridgett Poulett, for this Norman Hartnell model shows the last word in sailor stripes. It is made of blue and white striped organdie and has a deep hem and shoulder capes of white organdie piped with scarlet. More imitations of the sailor vest, but more wearable ones, are pictured on the left. These short sleeved lisle thread jumpers in blue and white or red and white stripes can be obtained with a high round neckline or cut down into a V, and if your holiday wardrobe doesn't already contain one, you would be wise to go immediately to H. J. Nicoll in Regent Street and buy one for a guinea

Yevonde

A BATHING wrap cut on most becoming lines is carried out in either blue and white or red and white towelling. This is one of several excellent models to be found at H. J. Nicoll, who recently celebrated the opening of their "Younger London" department by a party on the Show Boat, where a mannequin display of their models entertained the guests

AN unusual beach wrap which has many good points to recommend it, not the least of which is that it is carried out in Viyella and can be put on or taken off in a second. It is made of white and two shades of blue, and the skirt cleverly ties around the waist, while the cross-over bodice leaves the back completely bare. A Peggy Morris model

Heirs and Graces

A Trio of Examples

Left:
Lady Scone

With her two-year-old son, the Master of Scone. Her husband, Lord Scone, is the Earl of Mansfield's son and heir, and is M.P. for the Perth division of Perthshire and Kinross-shire. Lady Scone is Sir Lancelot Douglas Carnegie's daughter, and married Lord Scone in 1928

Below: The Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, whose husband is Lord Rothermere's son, and Vere Harmsworth. Mrs. Harmsworth, before her marriage, was Miss Redhead. She and her husband also have two daughters

Below: A new portrait of Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd and her small son. Mrs. Koch de Gooreynd, who has a house in Belgrave Square, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Douglas; her sister was married recently to Mr. Eric Mann

Marcus Adams

Lenare

The Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth

Lenare

Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd

Books of the Day

England, America and Some Novels: By "Junius"

I would advise all those who are interested in national progress to read *Fifty Years*, 1882-1932 (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.). It is a republication of a series of twenty-seven articles which appeared recently in the *Times*, under this heading. Individually, they were most interesting, because of the conditions of life and society in the later Victorian period which they recorded. But now, published as a whole, they have a definite historical value and you realise, perhaps for the first time, as Mr. George Trevelyan says in his Foreword, that "the greatest half-century of applied scientific invention that the world has yet seen has inevitably been the half-century of most rapid economic, social, and mental revolution." You will agree with Mr. Trevelyan, after reading this book, that "Even the Great War has done less than the internal-combustion engine to destroy the old society, the old countryside, the old habits of thought and conduct."

These articles cover the whole range of the fifty years. Two points stand out prominently—the enormous improvement in the condition of the labouring classes and the increasing disappearance of the rural worker.

And having read this book, I would suggest that you should turn to *Stars and Stripes* (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.), by Shaw Desmond. The first part of the book is called "America in Defeat," and shows graphically the effect upon American morale of the present financial depression. Then, in succeeding chapters, Mr. Desmond gives us a picture of America utterly unknown to Englishmen, and, from what I know myself, hidden, for the most part, from the English visitor to the States. In a chapter headed "Sex—and Pleasure Mad," he says that in America "melodrama is fact," and the cases that he cites prove it.

Then there is the racial question, the negro and mulatto population rapidly increasing as the white population declines. He says "America has murdered marriage," and that the "American and the British way of regarding love and marriage are two different things, and that not only America's millions but America's marriage is in the melting-pot."

But, despite the gloomy picture that he draws of the America of to-day, from his own personal experience Mr. Desmond has belief in her "fine minorities," and believes that an Anglo-American Entente may one day prevent another World War. But one question stands out insistently in this book: "Will America ultimately become a mulatto civilisation?" Mr. Desmond propounds a number of other questions, such as whether America will one day have a woman-President, but the colour question stands out beyond all the rest.

I have thoroughly enjoyed *The Cyprian: The Life of a Covent Garden Lady* (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), by Grace E. Thompson, because of its pictures of certain phases of London life in the later part of the eighteenth century, the days of the "Macaronis." But after reading this book, despite its many excellences, I think Miss Thompson has fallen between two stools—history and the novel.

"The Cyprians" was the name given to what one may term the great courtesans of the eighteenth century. They were rivals of the ladies of quality, and a type that no longer exists, having their own little courts about them. To this band came Marianne de Charpillon, who had been one of the passing mistresses of Louis XV., brought to London by

E. O. Hoppé

Mr. H. V. Morton

whose "In Search of Wales," just published, means that he has now "found" the whole British Isles

George Selwyn, the assiduous attendant at executions and a friend of the Prince Regent.

Miss Thompson tells her story from letters and papers of Marianne found in the twentieth century. But, for lack of sufficient biographical material, as the writer explains, she has had to treat her subject as romance. And that is where the two stools come in, because the reader interested in biography is puzzled between fact and fiction; and novel-readers, unless they have a knowledge of historical personages—respectable and disreputable—in Paris and London during the period covered by the book, will be at a loss as to identities. All the same, the book reproduces with colour and fidelity a phase of eighteenth-century life.

"Chérie" (Secker; 7s. 6d.), by Jacques Deval, will interest some people. It will repel others. But whatever you may think of its poor little heroine, a victim of one of the world's most hideous forms of cruelty, there is a deep appeal in the reality, the colour, the pathos, and the originality of the story. Chérie was a foundling, and after being brought up in a French village, found herself, penniless, in Panama. Her one thought was to earn enough money to be able to return to France.

The exotic life in Panama, with its hidden international spy system, and the culminating tragedy for the girl, are admirably described. An unusual novel, breaking new ground.

Hundreds of people will welcome *The Return of Bull-Dog Drummond* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), by Sapper, and I know they will agree with me that his creator has lost nothing of his engrossing powers of invention, or his uncanny mastery of the mysterious. The opening chapters in the two houses on Dartmoor hold the "creepiest" moments Sapper has ever given us. A book not to be missed.

If you are interested in literary and artistic Paris you will find considerable amusement in *These Moderns* (Toulmin; 7s. 6d.), by F. Ribadeau Dumas, translated from the French by Frederick Whyte. André Maurois, Roland Dorgéles, and Georges Duhamel, I should say, are the best known to English readers amongst the many modern French writers who have passed through the sieve of M. Dumas' acute observation and wit.

We have had "Search" books on England, Scotland and Ireland from Mr. H. V. Morton. Now, he gives us *In Search of Wales* (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). I must confess that I don't know Wales. But after reading Mr. Morton's book, I am determined to go there at the first opportunity. Mr. Morton has the gift of giving you geographical and historical information as if he were writing the most interesting personal reminiscences. A book to be read, whether you are going to Wales or stopping at home.

American novels tend more and more to the sex-question. It grows monotonous. In *Impatient Virgin* (Long; 7s. 6d.), by Donald Henderson Clarke, the heroine was brought up by an uncle to believe that whatever her instincts led her to do, the instinct was right. She goes to New York. I need say no more.

You will remember Mr. Glencannon, the engineer of the S.S. Inchcliffe Castle, with his amazing powers of absorbing "Dew of Kirkintilloch," in Mr. Guy Gilpatric's *Scotch and Water*. He certainly was a most bibulous person; but what a character! One of the most amusing in modern fiction. And now Mr. Gilpatric has been kind and generous to a tax-ridden world. In *Half Seas Over* (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.) he has written ten more stories of Mr. Glencannon's adventures. I hope you will laugh over them as much as I have. A joyous book.

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

Record Scores *v.* Courses

How Very Amusing!

except for the man—kindly unnamed—who sliced his drive when playing for Oxford University against a team of women golfers. Left to right: Miss S. Bailey, Miss B. Dix Perkin, Miss D. Butler, E. M. Moss, and Miss D. Fishwick

These women golfers, who, of course, received a handicap, were captained by Miss Diana Fishwick. Miss Diana Plumpton and J. R. Keen, seen above, waiting at the 18th, were among the competitors

RECENTLY, in the centre page of the *Times*, the whole of the correspondence column was occupied by a letter written by a Mr. Lloyd. He dealt with the design of golf courses in general, and in particular with the very low scoring at Prince's during the recent Open Championship. In the following issue Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon replied in defence of Prince's. Mr. Lloyd is a self-confessed rabbit at the game and Colonel Moore-Brabazon is undoubtedly a tiger, and therefore, to some people, it might seem that the views expressed by the latter should carry more weight than those of the former. But in the very first paragraph of his letter, which appeals to me so much that I make no apology for quoting it here, Colonel Moore-Brabazon lays bare the whole truth. He says: "On the basis that one need not be a hen to be a good judge of an omelette, Mr. Lloyd, as a self-confessed rabbit, needs no apologies for views on golf architecture." There are lots of other extracts from Colonel Moore-Brabazon's letter which I should like to give you, but, after all, it was addressed to the *Times* and not to THE BYSTANDER, and if you want to enjoy the writer's painless criticisms I must refer you to the issue of that elegant paper dated Monday, June 20.

BUT the whole question raised by Mr. Lloyd and answered by Colonel Moore-Brabazon is one of especial interest, particularly in view of the circumstances of the recent Open Championship.

LAST week I gave some hint with regard to the reason for the very low scores recorded in this year's Championship. I said that, provided the weather was fine and sunny and the ground hard, the very fact that a Championship which lasts for at least three days is being played on a course makes that course considerably more easy with each day that passes; for the crowds who walk on the course and trample it down make it even harder than it would normally be. This, if you understand me, decreases its length. I am trying to explain that the ball travels farther from the tee, or, in fact, from any shot; and therefore those holes which in normal times, even without a helping wind, would be two jolly good clumps with a wooden club, are reduced to a drive and some sort of iron.

IN the case of Prince's, this course was also played over on the Monday and Tuesday of the Championship week for the qualifying rounds, and the crowds were forward during these qualifying rounds just as they were later on for the Championship itself. So that of Prince's it may be said that the course was walked over by large crowds for two days before the actual Championship even began; and this in hot, dry weather when, in any case, the course would be playing short.

THAT is the first of the important considerations with regard to this matter. The second is that during the whole of the week at Sandwich the weather was entirely unlike the normal. There was scarcely a breath of wind, the sun was shining brilliantly and many of the competitors no doubt cast longing glances at the sea during the progress of their rounds. Now Prince's, as everybody knows who has played on it at all frequently, is usually a course which might almost be described as "rough." By that I mean that there you get a strong wind perhaps more often than in other places, and from wherever this wind may be, certain of the holes become more than a mere human can compete with, allowed only two shots. Courses naturally are laid out having due regard to the prevailing wind, and where this is not so, then the course suffers from indifferent architecture, no matter how pleasant or pretty the holes may be. Any course is bound to be several strokes more easy without any wind, and I am prepared to state, without fear of contradiction from any of those who competed at Prince's, that any of the Championship links, given similar weather and a similar occasion, would have fallen from their high estate and found their records smashed to bits. If I may say so, the record at Prince's has stayed high for a very long time, and it is certainly no disgrace to Prince's that its record should now stand at the figure of 68. There are many courses just as fine whose records are considerably lower.

I AM not one of those who think that a very low score makes a fool of a golf course, although I regretfully admit that there are many who are prepared to use this expression when some record or other is shattered. I cannot understand the mentality which asserts that a course cannot be a good one unless the record is no less than fours or thereabouts. Equally, I cannot understand the mentality of those committees (and there are many, too many, of them) who, when an important Competition is to be played on their golf courses, persist in stretching the course to such an abnormal extent that the holes lose their character and their interest. Some committees do this from a false conceit: they do it because they think that the record is less likely to be broken. I cannot see that it matters one bit what the record is, provided the course is good and pleasant.

DURING the qualifying rounds for the Championship some years ago, the incomparable Bobby Jones went round the Old Course at Sunningdale in 66 strokes. To my mind, the Old Course at Sunningdale was just as good the day after this was done as on the day before. Very recently, even since this Championship of which I am talking, Percy Alliss went round the course to which he is professional in 64 strokes. It is some time since I have visited Beaconsfield, but I am quite sure that the golf course is in every way as pleasant as it was before this remarkable event.

TO say that a golf course is made a fool of merely because somebody goes rather mad on it, seems to me equivalent to saying that your favourite driver is of no use after you have struck a ball with it properly off the meat.

THE WORTHINGTON BOATING CALENDAR

JULY, 1932

1st to 10th inclusive

1st. Dominion Day, Canada.
Racing. Newmarket.
Rowing. Henley Regatta.
Athletics. Amateur Athletic Association Championships (Stamford Bridge).
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships, Wimbledon.
Shows. Horse and Hound, Aldershot.
Yachting. Royal Harwich Regatta, Felixstowe.

2nd. **Racing.** Alexandra Park, Hamilton Park and Metropolitan (Baldoyle) Meetings.
Athletics. Amateur Athletic Association Championships, Stamford Bridge.
Lawn Tennis. All England Championships, Wimbledon.
Polo. Inter-Regimental Tournament final, Hurlingham. Handicap Cup Final, Ranelagh.
Shows. Horse and Hound, Aldershot.
Yachting. Royal Harwich Regatta, Felixstowe.

4th. **Racing.** Nottingham meeting.
Cricket. Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's.
Croquet. Open Championships, Roehampton.
Polo. Subaltern Cup, Ranelagh. Coronation Cup, Ranelagh. Tyro Challenge Cup, Hurlingham. Show Cup, Roehampton.
Shooting. National Rifle Assoc. Meeting begins Bisley.

5th. **Racing.** Nottingham and Longford Meetings.
Cricket. Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Southampton. Champion Dog Show Richmond.
Lawn Tennis. Open Tournament (Senior), Southsea. Open Championships E. of England, Felixstowe.

6th. **Racing.** Pontefract Meeting.
Cricket. Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's. Gentlemen v. Players, Oval.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Southampton. British Empire Garden Party, Roehampton.

7th. **Racing.** Pontefract Meeting.
Cricket. Gentlemen v. Players, Oval. Scotland v. South Americans, Edinburgh.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Southampton.

8th. **Racing.** Lingfield Park and Chepstow Meetings.
Cricket Gentlemen v. Players, Oval. Eton v. Harrow, Lord's.
Yachting. Royal Cinque Ports Regatta, Dover. Royal Ulster Regatta, Bangor.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Southampton.

9th. **Racing.** Lingfield Park, Chepstow, Edinburgh and Naas Meetings.
Polo. Subaltern Cup Final, Ranelagh. Coronation Cup, Ranelagh.
Games. Border Games, Jedburgh.
Shows. Royal Agricultural Society of England, Southampton.
Motoring. Middlesex County A.C. 100 mile Reliability Trial.
Flying. King's Cup, Air Race, Brooklands.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Collaborators at Large:

ALL-ENGLAND at WIMBLEDON

Gerard Fairlie Announces Decisions H. H. Harris Looks after the Lines

WIMBLEDON has, in the past, meant several things: to me it first conveyed a wooden hut, complete with earwigs; but that was near the windmill, just after the great European contest for higher taxes and less comfort all round. To other people it has meant just another place with a local to call at; to others, again, it can be on the way to Brighton. But now it is connected with All England, and nobody asks you if you are going to the Lawn Tennis Championships . . . they just say, "Going to Wimbledon?" and leave it at that.

Well, Harris and I have been to Wimbledon.

YOU can't stop Harris and me when we set our minds on anything. The traffic tried to stop us, in the first place, aided and abetted by several traffic policemen, but the traffic forgot that we were going in my car, which doesn't mind it. I mean, my car has got bumpers, and I don't mind using them. I mean, other cars recoil just from sheer hurt feelings or sometimes a mildly hurt mudguard. I mean, my car was a good car once.

Another thing that tried to stop us was the language of the other drivers on the road; but as Harris has got very sensitive ears, I didn't stop to listen to them.

Then the great crowd tried to stop us at the gates and get into the grounds in their rightful turn. Now this would have entailed waiting a little; and, after all, as Harris said, why wait a little . . .? I agreed with him, but pointed out that there was a good deal of flesh and blood seeming to think that we ought to. I mean, the look the portly (in two senses) gentleman and his portly-and-lemon wife gave me when I pushed, had made that very clear even before the gentleman had spoken.

SO Harris said, "Competitor," and I said, "Linesman," and the looks changed to admiring glances for a few moments whilst they made way for us; and then back again to looks when they saw that we had to pay to get in just the same as anybody else; but by that time we were inside, so we didn't listen.

We did think, however, that it would be a good idea to lie low just for a little bit, in case any of the nice people who had given up their places to us in the queue should in any active way resent it, so we went straight to ground among the strawberries. And cream.

After a sufficient interval of time had elapsed for me to feel confident that only bad luck could bring us into contact with any of our friends again, and for Harris to finish the cream, we went towards one of the side courts first.

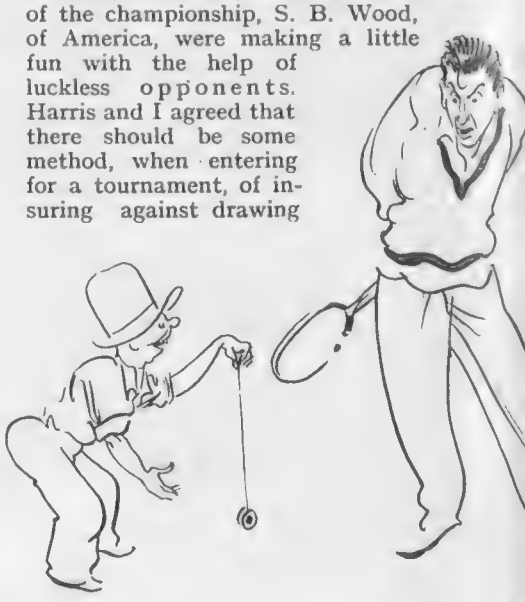
So far the weather has been most Wimbledonian, but——

——no doubt before the week is out the players will be making their way to the Centre Court in the usual manner

Signorina Valerio getting the right Wimbledon atmosphere, and Mme. Mathieu having a trying time with the above young lady's "undercuts" and "comebacks"

There was a big battle going on. Two gentlemen were showing great activity and ferocity, and both of them quite obviously intended to win. Harris found out why afterwards: he said the man who lost couldn't play in that competition again that year. I was surprised that Harris could think of anything so intelligent after all that cream, but Harris is full of surprises.

HARRIS and I then thought we would have a look at Court 1. Now Court 1 is the overflow of the most important encounters which, for reasons of space, cannot be played on the Centre Court at the same time as the most important encounters of all. On the day we went, we had the luck to see H. O. Hopman, of Australia, J. Brugnon, of France, and Mr. Hopman's Doubles partner, who also comes from Australia, in the person of J. Crawford. Each of these gentlemen is a Centre Court man, but that day H. E. Vines, of America, Borotra, of France, and the holder of the championship, S. B. Wood, of America, were making a little fun with the help of luckless opponents. Harris and I agreed that there should be some method, when entering for a tournament, of insuring against drawing



Ball boy trying to prevent F. J. Perry, one of England's chief hopes, from becoming too temperamental

I. G. Collins gave us our first Wimbledon bombshell by blowing up Henri Cochet

one of the stars in the first round. The prizes, no doubt, would vary: about a tenner for drawing the holder, nine pounds nineteen for losing all the publicity to Borotra, nine guineas for being taken unawares by F. X. Shields's service or F. J. Perry's temperament, and eight pounds for losing normally to Cochet. But no doubt a walk-over would mean an extra premium.

HARRIS nudged me at that moment and pointed out the portly gentleman, so we went straight to the Centre Court.

Harris at once got into his stride. He said, "Here is the most perfect grass court in all the world. Here is a billiard table made of grass, a tribute to unremitting care throughout the vagaries of an English twelvemonth." I told him he was talking like a Canon, so he stopped.

expected to find "Bunny" ustin like this, as I had ard he had filled out

However, our Betty Nuthall seems to be in great form just now

made the court so very unpopular with grass.

HARRIS, who hadn't been listening to me but had been reading the programme instead, suddenly said that the name of the Club which ran the Championships was not merely the All-England Lawn Tennis Club but also the Croquet Club. He said, "Let's go and play croquet: the lawn will probably be unoccupied."

I looked at him witheringly, and said I had come to Wimbledon to watch people taking exercise. At that moment the portly gentleman came up behind us, so we took exercise too.

Jean Borotra flying with his influenza and against doctor's orders

Above: S. B. Wood and his plastic face

Helen Jacobs with her shock-proof shoulder in shrouds

Shy Vines with his swollen mitt

Caught on Court at Wimbledon

Signorina Valerio with her bandaged arm

Then I said that any court which had mackintosh trousers should be good.

HARRIS asked me what I meant. I told him that if it rained they pulled a huge covering over the court to keep off the rain, while they watered the court slightly underneath so as not to make it too unnatural. I then said that every blade of grass had a daily itinerary, which was strictly adhered to throughout the year: called at six for dressing, bathed after dressing, examined medically about eleven, re-examined after lunch, re-re-examined after tea, and early to bed at seven. I said it was the bathing after dressing which

But no doubt you would like to hear our conclusions about Wimbledon. They are these:

OUR own Austin and France's Borotra cannot meet in the semi-final round because they are not in the same half of the draw; Vines cannot meet Winston Churchill, except socially, at any time during the Championships; Cochet and Crawford are not playing together in the doubles, and. . . .

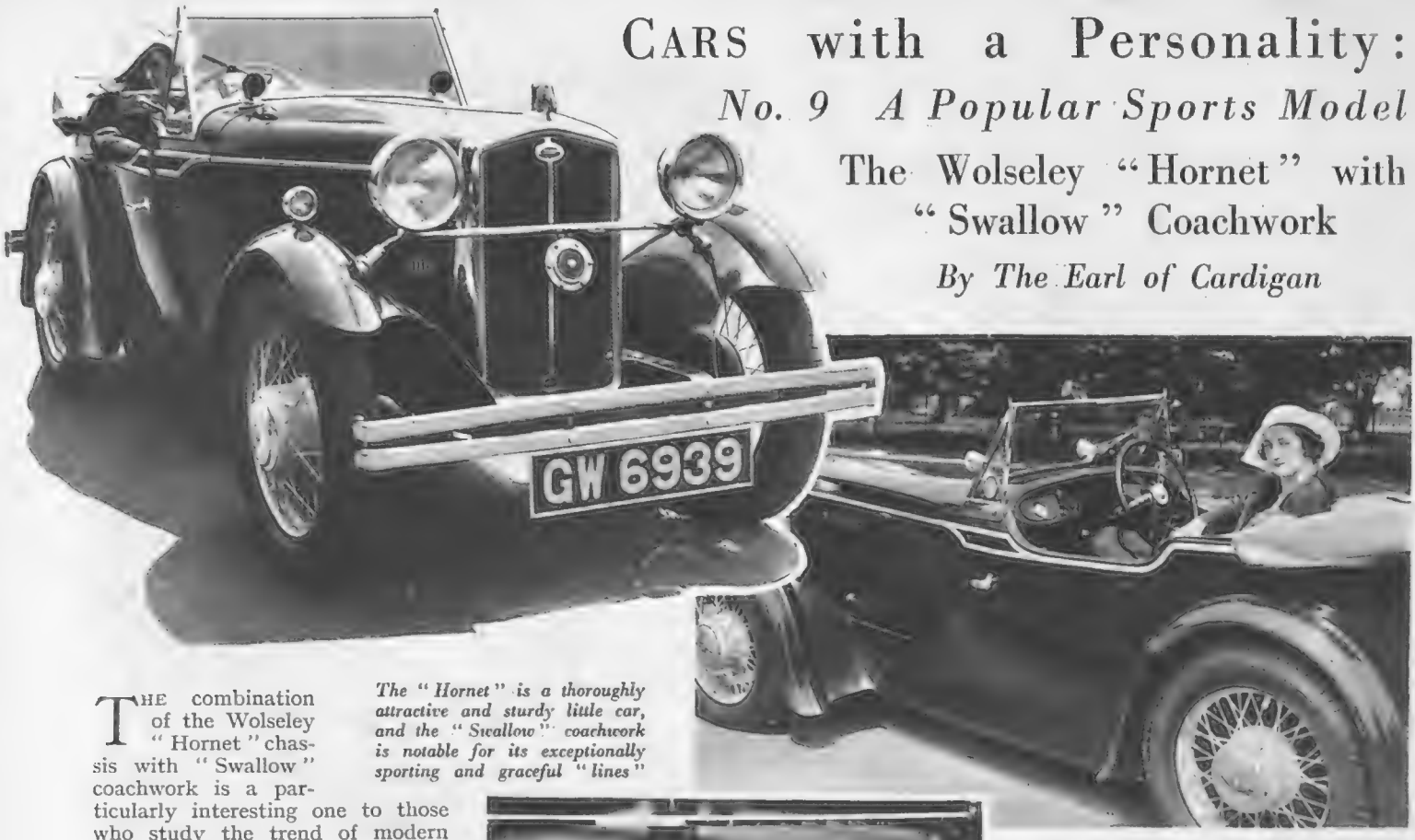
DID you say 'doubles'?" asked Harris. So we went to get them, and that was our conclusion at Wimbledon.

CARS with a Personality:

No. 9 A Popular Sports Model

The Wolseley "Hornet" with "Swallow" Coachwork

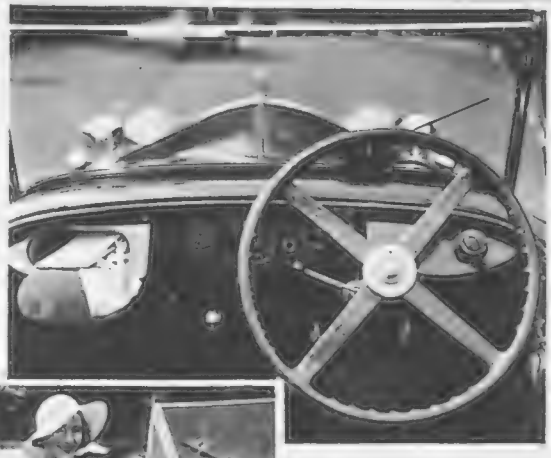
By The Earl of Cardigan



The "Hornet" is a thoroughly attractive and sturdy little car, and the "Swallow" coachwork is notable for its exceptionally sporting and graceful "lines"

THE combination of the Wolseley "Hornet" chassis with "Swallow" coachwork is a particularly interesting one to those who study the trend of modern motor-car design, since both have quite recently sprung into considerable prominence. It is instructive to analyse in each case the cause of this sudden popularity.

With regard to "Swallow" coachwork, the reason is a fairly obvious one. The bodies designed by this firm are always exceedingly smart, and nearly always possess remarkably attractive "lines." There have, within my experience, been few better examples of this than the two- and four-seater bodies fitted to the "Hornet," for here such harmony of line has been achieved that it is difficult to believe that the complete car is the product of two different brains in two different factories.



From every angle the appearance of the car is pleasing, and the front seats are particularly comfortable

The controls are well placed, and it will be seen that the driver's hands fall readily upon them. The cubby-hole on the left is a great convenience

Efficient side screens are provided, which can be quickly fitted up. They are stowed in a compartment behind the back seat

With central control and wide doors, getting in and out presents no difficulty whatever. The low build of the car enables it to dispense with running-boards

Comfort, moreover, has not been entirely sacrificed to good appearance. The front seats of the four-seater model which I tested are admirably designed to provide ample leg-room and genuine ease, the driving position being above reproach. The back seat, I take it, was never seriously intended to be occupied by two large adults, but it provides reasonable space for one, or, alternatively, for two children.

If the merits of the chassis are not quite so obvious, it requires only a brief trial run to reveal them. My own first and strongest impression was of an exceptionally "live" little engine (it is rated at only 12-h.p.), which combines very smooth and effortless running with a marked ability for vigorous "revving." The exhaust note is very happily chosen, for it is pleasantly suggestive of power, without being in any way aggressive.

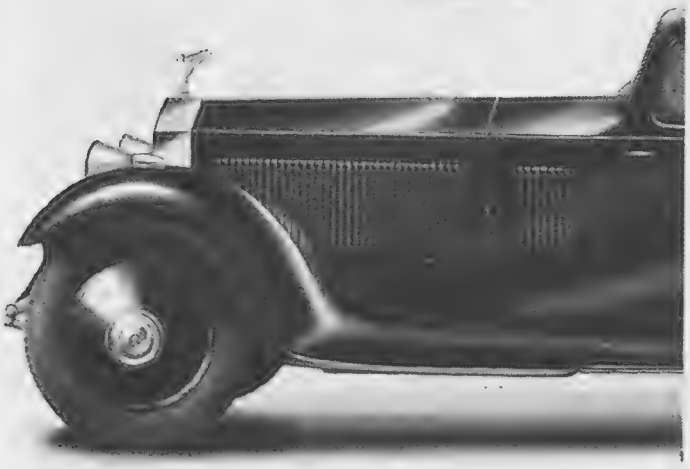
I DO not know whether it was a misfortune or otherwise that my test of this car had to be carried out very largely in London. True, I was unable to take full advantage of its high maximum speed, which is approximately 65 m.p.h. in top and nearly 50 m.p.h. in third gear, but, on the other hand, I gained a real appreciation of its liveliness in traffic.

Apart from the excellence of the engine, this was chiefly due to the well-designed gear-box, in which third gear is an ideal ratio. It is extremely simple to engage, very silent in operation, and just high enough to encourage one to use it freely. The "Hornet," of course, is sufficiently flexible to be driven, if desired, almost entirely in "top," but the wise man will not fail to take advantage of the really fine performance which this indirect gear offers him.

Good steering was another point which I quickly learned to appreciate, and the brakes also proved themselves admirably efficient. The foot-brake does its work definitely and very smoothly, and it is a good point that the hand-brake is made for use—not merely for parking purposes. Thus, the "Hornet," with its "Swallow" body, has far more than mere good looks. It is a thoroughly practical and sporting little car, very moderately priced at £225.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



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Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

DUTIFULLY reading my BYSTANDER last week, I noticed that Mr. Howard Marshall, in his Cricket article, stated that of all our batsmen the Australians most feared Woolley. I know this also happens to be the opinion of Mr. H. W. Taylor, the great South African player, who has just returned from a tour in Australia. But I must admit I bristle with suspicion whenever Australians talk about our cricketers.

They are cunning fellows, these Aussies, and their manœuvring is as subtle and deliberate off the field as it is on it. Perhaps I'd better illustrate my meaning by a couple of rather illuminating stories.

WHEN Warwick Armstrong and his men were over here in 1921, England were looking, as they are now, for an opening batsman. The Australians knew this, and thought they would take a hand in finding one for us. They had a look at Dipper, of Gloucestershire, and decided that they could deal with him adequately. Accordingly, when he had made a few runs for Gloucestershire against them, Armstrong told his bowlers that Dipper was to be allowed to make a hundred. Dipper played very pleasantly, for he is a useful batsman, and, sure enough, he reached his century. After the match, Armstrong was loud in his praises. "A grand player," he said. "He is absolutely the best opening batsman we've come across." That did the trick, and Dipper played for England against Australia at Lord's, which was exactly what Armstrong had intended.

MY next instance of Australian guile concerns Voce, the Notts left-hander. When the Australians were here in 1930, they formed the opinion that Voce was one of our most dangerous bowlers, and they therefore decided that on no account must he play against them in Test matches. They waited until they met Nottinghamshire, and then their instructions were to take every risk, and go for Voce with all their might. They took risks, right enough, but they lambasted Voce so heartily, and spoke so contemptuously of his bowling afterwards, that Voce was not chosen for England. Again their policy succeeded, and it is this kind of thing which makes me suspicious when I hear Australians stating emphatically that they regard Woolley as the most dangerous English batsman. I don't know if you ever read your "Uncle Remus," but if you do, you will understand what I mean by saying that the Aussies are, like Brer Rabbit, "born and bred in the briar-patch."

WHILE we are discussing cricket, rumours about D. R. Jardine and the English captaincy continue to fly around. It is alleged that he is at loggerheads with some of the Surrey players, and that he and Hobbs have been arguing about the proper way to field at cover-point. Frankly, I don't believe it, though if Jardine has had any difference of opinion with Surrey it is simply because he has rightly determined to captain the side himself.

There are, in actual fact, very few amateur captains nowadays. Yorkshire, for example, are virtually led by Sutcliffe, Lancashire by Ernest Tyldesley, and Gloucestershire by Hammond, though

(*Continued on page 648.*)

Miss Angela Cameron, daughter of Col. A. D. Cameron, D.S.O., M.C., Racing Director of the Greyhound Racing Association, with her pony, Vanity, who received a "highly commended" at the Olympia Horse Show

C. K. Allen, fourth from the left, winner in the three miles Southern A.A.A. Championship at the White City

Yet Another Nephew

K. S. Indravijaysinhji, "Ranji's" youngest nephew, who his uncle believes will be an even greater cricketer than "Duleep," is sixteen years old and is being coached by his famous uncle and Frank Tarrant

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Sport with the Lid Off

Continued from page 646

if Jardine were playing for any of these teams there would be no doubt about the leadership.

I 'm told that Jardine handled the South's bowling admirably at Old Trafford, and if the M.C.C. Committee have decided that he is to captain England in Australia, the sooner they announce the fact the better, for at present Jardine is worried, and his batting is suffering in consequence.

WELL, Jack Sharkey is the world's heavyweight champion, though his victory on points against Max Schmeling has been hotly disputed. My own information is that Sharkey won the opening rounds, but that Schmeling had all the better of the last ten rounds, and was clearly the winner. But there you are—we shall never fathom the ethics of refereeing in America, where boxing is a pretty dirty game.

Centre Court Spectators

A study in contrasts at the Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon, showing one alert and one somnolent. The latter might almost be mistaken for a linesman!

Boxing altogether is an unsavoury business these days, though I still find it curiously fascinating. One of the things which amuse me about it is the nicknames which fighters adopt or are given. Sharkey, for example, is known as the Lithuanian Sailor, and Schmeling as The Black Uhlan. Then there was Dempsey, the Manasses Mauler; Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas; Carnera, the Ambling Alp; and I like such playful names as Battling Battalino, The Dixie Kid, Kid Chocolate, and Gunboat Smith. For the moment, I can only think of the Benicia Boy and The Gasman among the old prize-fighters, though I should be glad if any of my readers could add to my collection.

THERE will be a good deal of public interest, I imagine, in the Amateur Athletic Association championships, which begin at the White City on Friday. Owing to the Olympic Games, there are fewer entries from abroad, but India, South Africa, Italy, Sweden, Holland, Norway, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Latvia are all represented.

Jehangir Khan, who holds the Indian javelin-throwing record, is also a member of the All-India cricket team, and a good bowler into the bargain. He is a beautifully built fellow, and should do well. Then I look forward to seeing H. Hart, of South Africa, who won the A.A.A. Decathlon contest in 1928, for he is a particularly fine athlete.

Perhaps the most interesting race of all will be the mile, when J. E. Lovelock, the remarkable Oxford runner—he is a freshman from New Zealand, by the way—will challenge J. F. Cornes, the Oxford President and a great miler, and R. H. Thomas (R.A.F.), the holder.

There should be another grand struggle in the hundred yards, for E. L. Page, the holder, was beaten recently in 9 4-5th seconds (which equals the British record) by

(*Cont. foot of next column*)

An Eventful Day

Douglas A. Trieb with his bride, to whom he was married on the morning of the day when the Southern Counties Championships were held and in which he competed before leaving for his honeymoon

Greyhound Racing

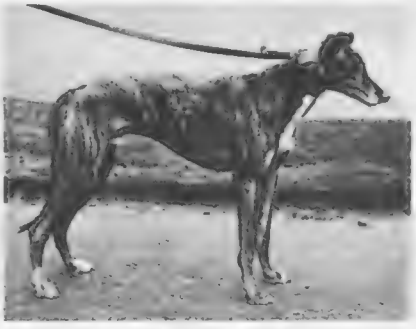
By "White Citizen"

Fret Not

a favourite with the public for the reason of his very great gameness, was a competitor in this year's Greyhound Derby

BY the time that you read these words, the race for the Greyhound Derby of 1932 will be a matter of history. Both you and I will know which dog has won—a position in which I wish I found myself at this present moment, for then I might come to some pecuniary advantage. But I think it will be interesting to those of you who have attended the race, and to many who have not, to hear a little about the six dogs competing, and then to cast your minds back to the race itself and see if these dogs behaved as their records might suggest.

In the first place, the draw for the Final could not have been a better one. Had either Future Cutlet or Wild Woolley been drawn No. 1 or No. 2, with the others on the outside, then it seems to me that that difference in the luck might have made all the difference to the race. And it would certainly have meant that one of those two would have been a very pronounced favourite. As it is, Fret Not was drawn No. 1, Disorder No. 2, Barrack Bridge No. 3, Dee Tern No. 4, with Future Cutlet and Wild Woolley on the outside as 5 and 6. Fret Not's performance in the third of the semi-final heats was a very fine one, in spite of the fact that his greatest admirer cannot claim that Fret Not is in the same class as Wild Woolley or Future Cutlet. But the dog was last of all in his heat halfway round, and came along with a rare burst of speed round the last two bends and along the finishing straight to beat Disorder by the very narrowest of margins at the post. In this race, Fret Not gave an example of very great gameness, and he has made great strides in popularity by his performance.



Wild Woolley

Another competitor in the Greyhound Derby who, with Future Cutlet, is in almost a class by himself, possessing both keenness and speed

DISORDER loses nothing by this defeat, for he also is a game dog, and the way in which he withstood Fret Not as long as he could was a pleasure to see. Barrack Bridge, in his semi-final against Wild Woolley, put up an excellent performance up to halfway, but then Wild Woolley's superior speed settled the issue. But here again it was noticeable that Barrack Bridge refused to give up trying, and even though he was beaten by several lengths, yet he was going all out at the finish with no necessity, from the point of view of keeping his second place and qualifying for the Final.

Dee Tern finished second to Future Cutlet, a good eight lengths behind; but he, in turn, was two or three lengths clear of his nearest rival, and he also showed that courageous keenness which would not let him give up trying until the winning-post had been passed. I do not like to make comparisons, for, after all, in nearly every case, comparisons are odious, but I do think that the six dogs competing in the Final of the Derby of 1932 are as game a lot as could be found anywhere

ONE last remark about last year's winner, Seldom Led. I felt really sorry for this dog when he ran wide in the second bend of his semi-final heat, for he had got away promptly and was well in the lead; but Seldom Led ran very wide at the second bend and allowed his rivals to cut in and obtain a commanding lead. As it was, Seldom Led made up several lengths, but could not quite catch either Disorder or Fret Not, although it is my opinion that he would have been disputing the finish with them but for this mistake. Seldom Led, therefore, had rather a tragic ending to the Derby of 1932, but perhaps a little was made up to him by his accompanying the other past winners in the parade around the Stadium on the night of the Derby.

Sport with the Lid Off (continued)

J. C. Heap, and these two will be hard pressed by 2nd Lieut. W. A. Summers, the Army champion.

Then we shall have a chance of seeing how G. L. Rampling shapes in the quarter, after his recent operation, and I hope he does well, for he should be one of our strongest candidates at Los Angeles. Finally, there is the 440-yards hurdles, for which Lord Burghley and L. Facelli (Italy) have entered, and this race should produce some fireworks. Altogether, it promises to be a great meeting on the new White City track.

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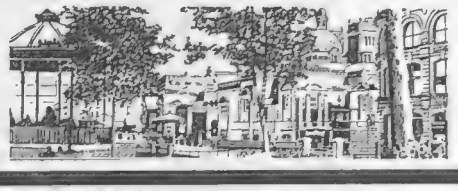

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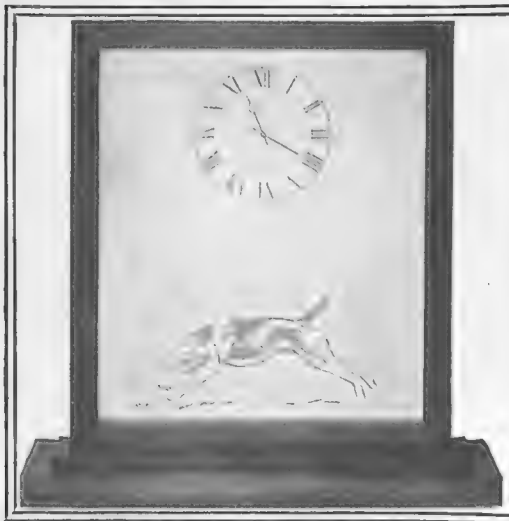

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Two Problems By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE so many letters dealing with two particular subjects that I think I must write a few remarks about them. One of the most frequent enquiries is to do with bitches that have never had a litter and the presence every season of milk, swollen glands, etc. Many correspondents write to me asking whether anything can be done, and evincing great distress and the desire to do anything possible to alleviate the animal's discomfort. *Anything*, most owners write, they will do—except the ordinary and obvious thing—that of letting the bitch have a litter! I must say that I am frankly astonished by this attitude, for it seems to me most unnatural and cruel. There is so little difficulty in allowing Nature her way, and it costs very little to let the bitch have her family at a vet.'s, if you have no room or outhouse which you can utilise. But if you have such a place, why, the whole business will be little or no trouble, and you can keep just a couple of puppies, which you can give away as pets if you do not desire to sell them.

YOU will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done as well as you can by your pet, and not arrogated to yourself the right of deciding whether or not she shall fulfil her natural functions. I cannot help saying that I consider it criminal of anybody to deny an animal the joys of maternity just because they do not fancy taking the trouble of looking after her.

If you cannot be "bothered with such nonsense," as one owner (I need hardly add that she was a woman) wrote, then keep a male dog. One more word of warning: if you do not allow a bitch to have puppies once in her life, she will very likely develop tumours and other troubles when she gets old.

Shown at Ranelagh

Petwick Courtesan and Petwick Cointreau, wire-haired fox-terriers owned and exhibited by Mr. H. L. Cottrill, the racehorse owner and trainer, on the occasion of the Southern Wire Fox-Terrier Club's Show

ANOTHER thing about which my correspondents enquire is canker of the ear. This is a very frequent and simple ailment, but if it is not attended to it may become very painful. The symptoms are scratching the ear and rubbing it along the ground. The dog may utter little cries when scratching it. Later on, if you sniff the inside of the ear, you can detect an unpleasant smell.

IN the early stages, boracic powder blown into the cavity may effect a cure; if not, there are various remedies, sold by Shirley's and other makers, for this complaint. Incidentally, cats also suffer from canker of the ear, and the same treatment applies.

Dogs with prick ears are less liable to it than those with hanging ears, where rain gets in and they are not properly dried afterwards. It is very easy to cure in the early stages, and the symptoms are quite unmistakable. It can cause a lot of pain, so don't neglect it.

ANYBODY who is interested in shows should make a point of attending Richmond on July 5. This is a particularly pretty show, held in the Park, and it has the record of having had fine weather for the last ten years. If it can manage to produce a fine day this summer we shall have cause to be grateful to it for other reasons than that of dog-showing.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful By "Maquillage"

"DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN."

THERE IS A SPECIAL LOTION WHICH KEEPS THE COMPLEXION FAIR, FINE AND IMPERVIOUS TO SUNBURN.

FASHIONS come and fashions go: the feminine world may choose to disguise itself as a troop of trousered *peons*—or whatever Mexican labourers are called in cross-word language—but there will always be a certain contingent of women in England who possess, and are secretly proud of possessing, the once universally admired and envied English milk-and-roses complexion. As a matter of fact, there is evidence that something like a reaction against the pervasive sun-tan has set in: summer clothes this year call for more delicate colouring.

TO certain types sunburn is not only unbecoming, but injurious. Very fine, fair skins are more likely to freckle or turn red than to take on a beautiful tan or becoming apricot glow, and the aftermath may be a crop of those unsightly and distressing little red veins which are liable to spoil the blonde woman's complexion if it is not cared for and is unduly exposed to the elements.

But it seems hard that, because of her colouring, the fair woman should

be deprived of the fun and the benefit of the many out-of-door activities which make up the sum of seasonable pleasures. As a matter of fact, it is unnecessary that this should be so.

AMONG the Cyclax beauty preparations there is an invaluable "Special" Lotion which ensures immunity from sun-burn. It is not a protective, but a preventive. It was not invented for this particular purpose: it is one of the essentials of the Cyclax treatment. The lotion should be painted on the skin at night once or twice a week. In the morning, skin food is applied and the face should then be washed with warm water and the special complexion soap which is a solvent of all grease and grime.

The action of the special lotion is to draw all impurities and acidity to the surface, and the use of the cream and soap completes their elimination so that the skin is left smooth, *sensibly fairer* and fine, since the pores are no longer clogged with dirt or secretions.

AT the same time the lotion strengthens the skin and increases its resistance to sun and wind. Used regularly, it will keep the complexion fair and fine all the year round and, in conjunction with the day lotion, which *is* protective, it is a perfect summer beauty treatment for the fair woman who prizes her complexion.

In the event of any burning having taken place the special lotion will soothe the skin and remove all discoloration.

The day lotion is made up to suit different types of skin, the normal, the dry, and the oily, and in a variety of shades, so that if one wishes to simulate a "sun-kissed" complexion without the inconvenience and risk of actually getting burned, one can do so. The Cyclax day lotion is, I think, one of the few cosmetics which, used as a base for powder, gives a delightful surface and ensures a lasting "make-up," and is at the same time not only protective but actually beneficial to the complexion.

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating in Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days.

The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. The years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows the value of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

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The fame of the Carlsbad Medicinal Springs has spread over the whole world. Now, with the desire to "Buy British," it is interesting to note that the identical medicinal properties are embodied in a well-known English preparation, Kutnow's Powder; by means of these improved Carlsbad salts, it is possible to take the Continental spa treatment at home.

Kutnow's Powder should be taken every morning before breakfast, a large tablespoonful in a glass of warm water, preferably with the juice of half a lemon; it not only makes a refreshing summer drink, but is ideal for the liver and as a cleaner of the intestinal tract. It has the commendation of the medical Press and such world-renowned physicians as the late Sir Morell Mackenzie and the late Professor Lawson Tait.

"Yachting on the Sunshine Coast"

The Southern Railway are publishing a small but delightful book, "Yachting on the Sunshine Coast," which for any sailing enthusiast to see must surely be to buy. It is described modestly as "a volume of information, compiled, written and illustrated by Charles Pears, R.O.I." The information given appears to be exactly what the amateur sailor will want when cruising anywhere between the Thames and Weymouth, dealing as it does with mooring grounds, repairing and chandling firms, boatmen, local yacht clubs, and train services to and from London, with descriptive notes on the beauties, advantages or disadvantages of the various harbours. The feature of the book, however, is the most attractive illustrations, reproductions in colour of Mr. Pears' paintings of some of the places about which he writes. These paintings are beautifully reproduced, and some of them are of particular charm. Those, for instance, of "Cowes by Moonlight," "The Entrance to Dover Harbour on a Windy Day," "A Peaceful Scene at Hamble," and "A Cloud Effect at Harty Ferry," show the artist at his best.

A "Dryad" Chair

A new style produced by Dryad, Ltd., of 42, St. Nicholas Street, Leicester, the well-known firm of cane furniture makers. Everything that can be made in cane, from log-baskets to invalid-chairs, they make; their style and quality of work are unrivalled

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The problem of cleaning at home the dainty and delicate articles in a woman's wardrobe or the fine and fragile fabrics in her house has been solved by the Home-aids Company, 56, Victoria Street, S.W.1. At this year's Ideal Home Exhibition, they showed the Duette Dry-Cleaning Machine, which is claimed to have the characteristic of all things that are really great, in that it is completely simple and is also inexpensive. The process of dry-cleaning takes three minutes, after which the garments cleaned have only to be hung up in a well-ventilated room to dry. The Duette fluid, in which they are cleaned, is non-explosive, will not harm the finest material, and can be used more than once. The Duette Machine can also be used for washing, when hot water and Lux take the place of the fluid. The capacity of the machine, despite its small size, is considerable, yet it is so completely portable that it can be taken away on the holidays when, more than ever, its value as a rapid and efficient home cleaner will be realised, and when tennis dresses, beach suits, and children's frocks can be restored to their pristine freshness in the twinkling of an eye.

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* * *

LITTLE LOBSTER SALADS

* * *

GALANTINE OF VEAL

* * *

DUCK SALAD

* * *

IRISH PUFFS

* * *

GRAPE FRUIT CUP

* * *

FRUIT BISCUITS CHEESE

* * *

COFFEE

Egg and Anchovy Sandwiches

USE brown bread and butter, add some essence of anchovy to the chopped whites and pounded yolks of hard-boiled eggs, and season with pepper and a flavour of cayenne.

Little Lobster Salads

RUB the yolks of several hard-boiled eggs through a sieve, season with salt and pepper, and then add three or four tablespoonfuls of olive oil by degrees. When mixed to a smooth paste add a teaspoonful of Tarragon vinegar, the same of malt vinegar, a quarter of a pint of liquid aspic jelly and a quarter of a pint of cream. Take some coarsely chopped lobster and add to this, and then fill some small china cases which have previously been filled with aspic jelly; pour some more aspic over the top of the lobster and keep on ice till required.

Galantine of Veal

TAKE a pound of fillet of veal, ½ lb. of breadcrumbs and put through a mincing-machine. Mix well together, and add two well-beaten eggs and seasoning; also a little good stock. Tie up in a cloth very tightly in the form of a roly-poly and boil for two hours or more. When cooked, remove from cloth, press into a nice shape and glaze when cold.

Duck Salad

REMOVE the meat from a cooked duck and cut it into small pieces. Take half an endive, shred it finely and mix with the duck in a basin, seasoning with pepper and salt. Pour over a mixture of one tablespoonful of vinegar to two of salad oil and let stand for a little while. Line a salad bowl with the leaves of a lettuce, then put in half a bunch of watercress and two thin slices of unpeeled orange cut into quarters. Mix well with mayonnaise sauce, and then add the other mixture; put more mayonnaise over this, and sprinkle over with chopped chives.

Irish Puffs

POUND a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds and ½ oz. of bitter ones together, but not too fine. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth adding ¼ lb. of castor sugar, and mix in the almonds. Line some tins with puff paste, pour the mixture in and sprinkle castor sugar on top. Bake a light brown.

Grape Fruit Cup

SOAK one teaspoonful of gelatine in one tablespoonful of cold water, add two of boiling water, and mix with one and a-half cupfuls of grape fruit pulp, one cup of grated pineapple, one of sugar, and three-quarters of a pint of water. Freeze.

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. June 29, 1932.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

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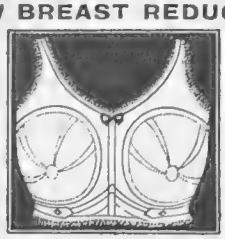
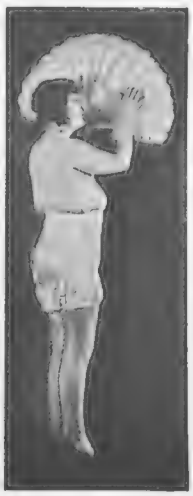
Uplifts
Revitalizes
Reduces



Reg. design

Strengthens the Breasts which thereby retain their normal balance and size.



BEAUTIFORM **Dept. B, 78 BAKER STREET, W.1** *CORSET*
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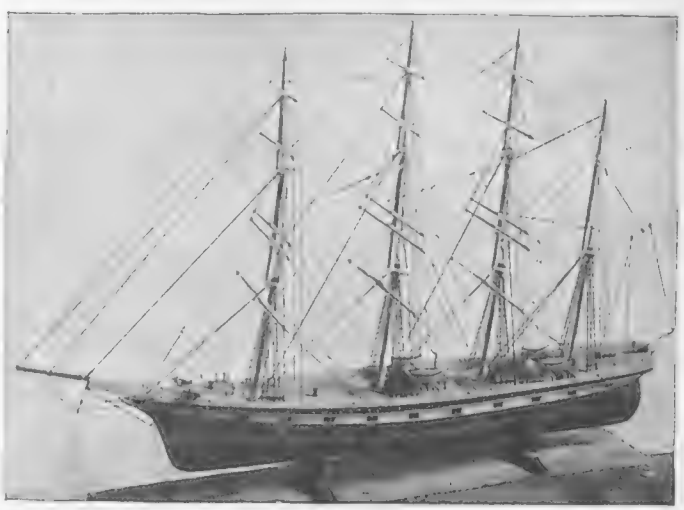
"LOCH TORRIDON"

MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern) 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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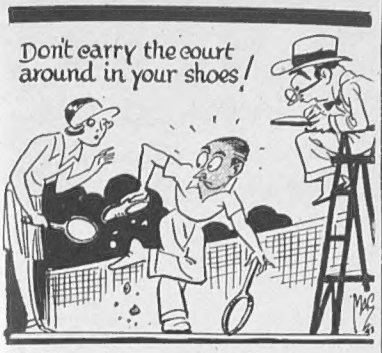

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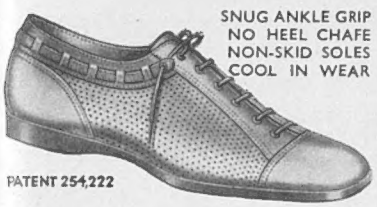

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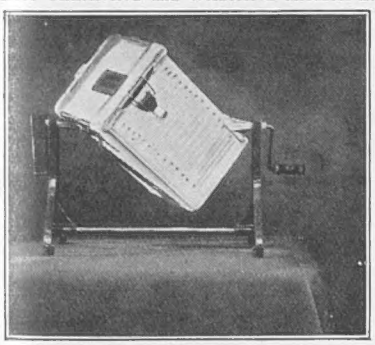

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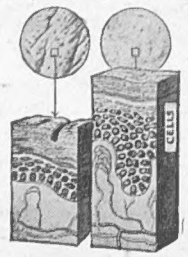

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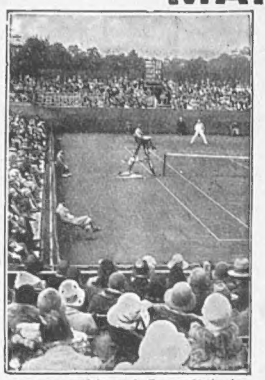

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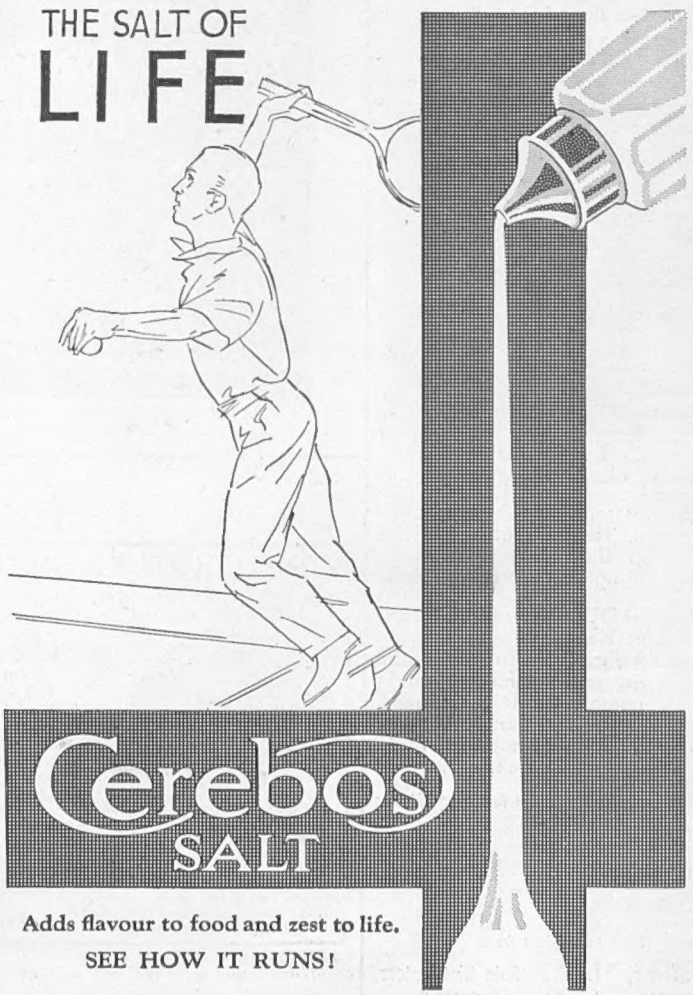

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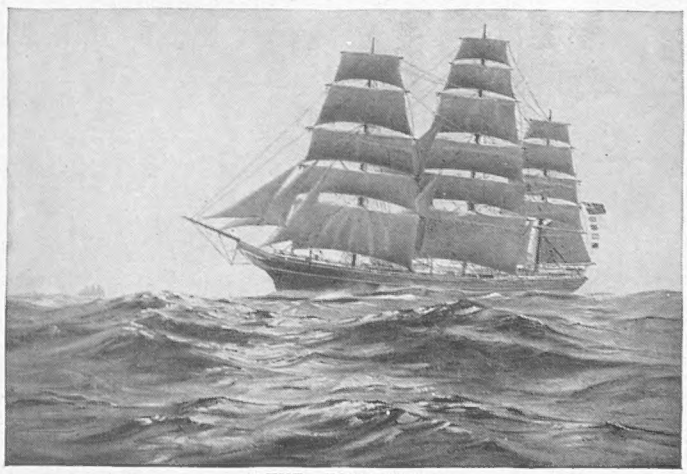

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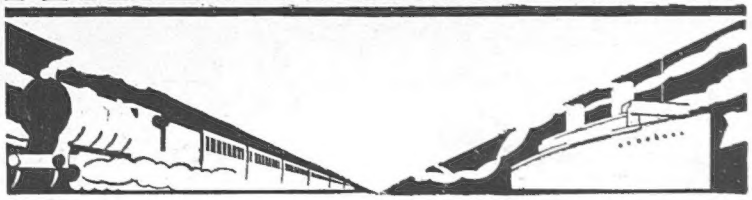

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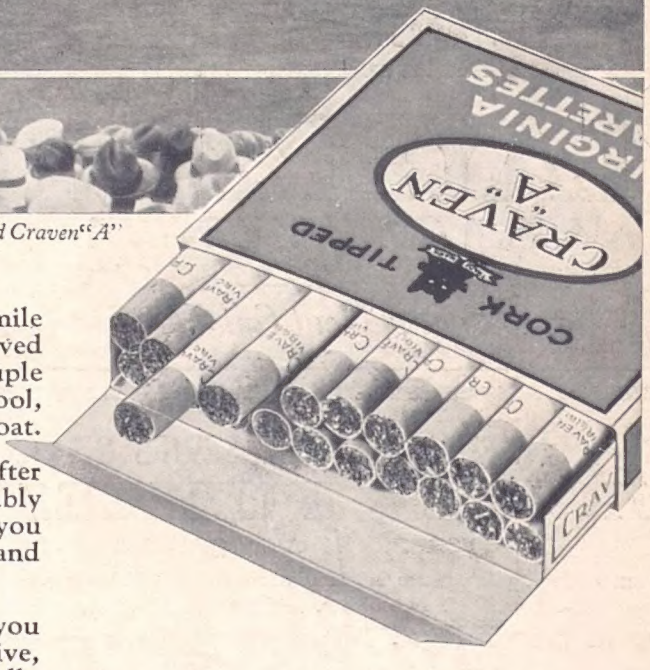

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